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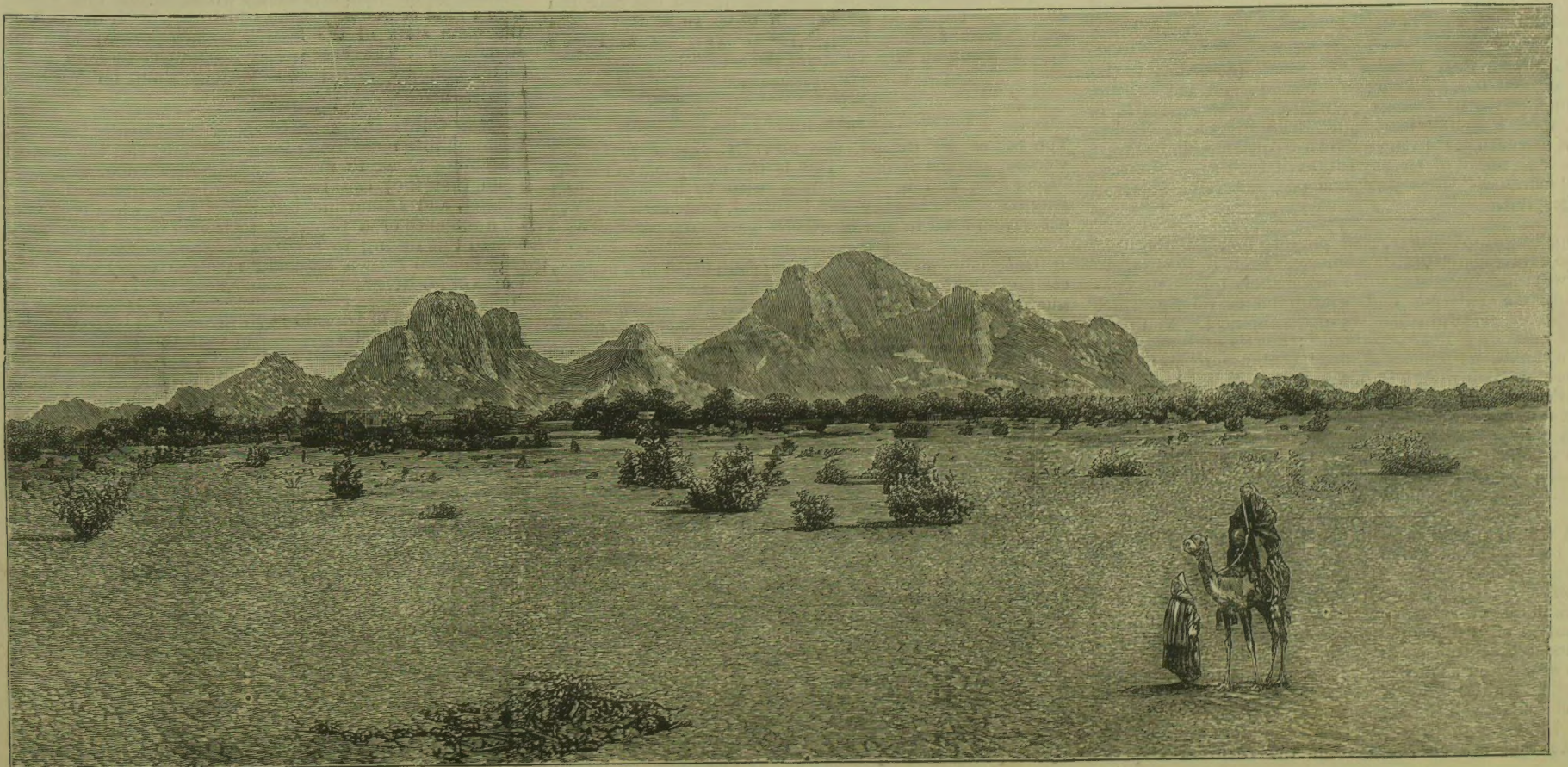
No. 2373.—VOL. LXXXV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT! By Post, 6d.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY TRYING HIS CAMEL ON THE SHOUBRAH ROAD, CAIRO.



KASSALA, IN THE SOUDAN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK

"Quis bonus est vir?" Who or what is a "straight-forward man"? A "well-known successful turfite" advertises that he "is willing to share good things with a select few, providing they act as straightforward men." Does it mean that this philanthropist is willing to share, like St. Martin, his very cloak with his brethren, if only they will give him proof of their dire necessity? Or does it mean that he expects a "quid pro quo"? Now, a "quid," in the language of the Turf, means a "sovereign." But that being so, why should the advertiser confine himself to a "select few"? The puzzle is propounded hereby for the edification or mystification of all whom it may concern.

Whether we shall ever come to be beaten by the French at our national game of cricket, which Frenchmen were wont to regard as a thing more incomprehensible than the Asian mystery, remains for posterity to discover. Meanwhile here is an announcement which will surprise some "ancient Britons":—

Le Cricket Club de Chantilly s'est réuni vendredi dernier sur la petite pelouse de Chantilly pour disputer un match avec le Club de Paris. Le temps a été très favorable et le jeu intéressant. C'est le Cricket Club de Paris qui a été vainqueur.

"Vendredi dernier" means the 26th of Sept. It does not appear, however, whether the two elevens consisted of Frenchmen or of Englishmen, or of both together. But if there be in all France twenty-two native Frenchmen who can and do play "le cricket," and like it, then our neighbours may well say that, "tout vient à bout à qui sait attendre," and that "ce n'est que l'imprévu qui arrive."

Another candidate for—a thousand dollars at Niagara Falls. A Mr. Wormald is said to have made up what he is pleased to call his mind that by placing himself inside an india-rubber ball, supplemented by an arrangement of tarred ropes and compressed air, he will be shot by the force of the current a long way beyond the Falls, will be picked up (alive) on the rapids, and will "realise" a thousand dollars. Anybody who succeeds in such an attempt must be admitted to have performed a wonderful feat, but should at once be charged with attempting to commit suicide, if only "to encourage the rest."

Many people fancy that they can play billiards; but then there are players and players. Your ordinary player is considered to do pretty well if he scores two games of 100 each within the hour; Mr. John Roberts, junior, scores 900 points in half-an-hour. At least, that is what he did—or is said to have done—the other day, when he made a "break" of 1154, the largest break he ever made, though Mitchell has made as many as 1839, and W. J. Peall the almost incredible number of 1989, at a break. Yet neither Peall nor Mitchell considers himself (unless *in petto*) the peer of Roberts: and this seems to show that billiards is a curious game, about which King Solomon, had it been played in his day, might have had some notable remark to make.

The position of France between Germany and England, inclining, as she appears to be, first to one and then to the other, recalls the awkward position of the gentleman between the two "charmers" in the well-known song. Only France, no doubt, would have to change the words of the song a little, and sing, "How unhappy I should be with either."

The frightful and terribly adulterated articles which are so constantly given us to eat and drink, at clubs as well as at other places, may well have led the poor woman who was suffocated the other day at the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum to imagine that "she had dogs and devils in her stomach," though she was, no doubt, confounding personalities when she said that it was "the dogs" that "were violent, and used bad language." Somebody else, probably, was "violent and used bad language," and altogether displayed a madness with considerable method in it.

"Birds in their little nests agree" (according to the very mistaken notions of Dr. Watts); and yet learned representatives of various countries cannot agree, it is said, about a mere "meridian." The French representatives are even said to have shown "considerable feeling" in their rejection of Greenwich, as if they supposed that the "meridian" there was some poor miserable object in the hospital.

Spelling is, of course, past praying for; but the sight of the expression "6th Carabineers," spelt in that orthodox way, has suggested some melancholy reflections concerning the extreme and gratuitous perversity which sometimes prevails in matters orthographical. You must write "carbine," not "carabine"; but "Carabineers" (if you mean to be orthodox), not "Carbineers" or "Carabiniers" (which would be a fair and square adoption of the French word, like "grenadiers," which we do adopt). Phonetic spelling has its advocates; but you would never get a gallant regiment (or the War Department) to spell their designation phonetically. Ordinary spelling is bad enough, but the phonetic system is ever so much worse: "that way madness lies."

A truly imperial present has the Emperor of Austria sent to the Mikado of Japan. Above all other accomplishments the Austrians excel in their knowledge of horseflesh and their love of horses. Some of the finest riders in our own shires hail from Austria and Hungary, notably Count Kinsky, who won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1883, and Count Kaunitz, who goes as straight as any man with the Quorn and Pytchley hounds. The Empress is notorious as an ardent lover of the chase, travelling many miles every year to indulge in her favourite pastime. So that the four magnificent horses that are en route from the Austrian Imperial

Stables to Moutz Hito, the present ruler of Japan, will certainly lack nothing in the way of size, substance, bone, and blood. It is to be hoped, however, that the Mikado will not do as a Chinese Emperor once did with a present of carriage and horses. Being unaccustomed to the use of European equipages, and not appreciating the comforts inside, he had the horses led by grooms, while he rode on what appeared to him the exalted seat, the coachman's box.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture "Sympathy," which has been in possession of the Aylmer family for the last century, has been purchased by M. Ferdinand De Rothschild for a large sum, on dit £4000.

Yet another social link between America and this country. Mr. John Leslie, of the Grenadier Guards, son and heir of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Monaghan, has married Miss Leonie Jerome, Lady Randolph Churchill's sister. The wedding was private, taking place in New York in the absence of any relations of the bridegroom.

The Irish Nationalists appear to attach great importance to things that with other persons less patriotic would seem of little consequence. The streets of Dublin, or such of them as bear names referring to England or Royalty, are to have new titles, perpetuating the recollection of great and patriotic Irishmen. A cause that can be assisted by trifles light as air, such as the proposed alterations, must not be grudged the delights it will experience from the possession of a Parnell-avenue, a Sexton-street, or a Biggar-square.

There are different ways of backing an opinion. Englishmen generally resort to the bet. However, at Calcutta, the other day, Dr. Klein, "appointed by the Indian Government to examine into the cholera question," showed his opinion of Dr. Koch's theory concerning "microbes" in a different and more practical way: "he swallowed a number of them," happily "without any evil results." Was Dr. Klein the gentleman who not long ago drank a tumbler of supposed "cholera water," full of "bacilli," and took no harm? That was also in India, and the feat was performed by a doctor. This should be very convincing: for even Hannibal Chollop, who was "fever proof, and likewise agur," did not pretend to be "cholera proof."

"Triplets" do live and thrive, though it is commonly believed that they do not. Here is Mr. G. Mares, watchmaker, of Halstead, Essex, who was presented with two sons and a daughter at one birth, in 1863, who received the Queen's "three pounds" at the time, and who has been sending the Queen a photograph of the "dauntless three" as they appear, "well and prospering," at the age of twenty-one. They are "life abstainers," a fact of which Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends may make as much as they can.

We are glad to see that Mr. Ainger, than whom no more competent editor could be found, has published Charles Lamb's "Miscellaneous Essays and Poems." It forms a companion volume to his edition of "Elia," and contains "all of Lamb's miscellaneous writings that he had himself selected for preservation in a permanent form." Lamb was fond of poetical quotations from old writers, and one or two in "Elia" baffled Mr. Ainger's research, although assisted, we believe, by Mr. Swinburne, whose knowledge of our early literature is well-nigh unrivalled. Since the publication of "Elia" one "find" has been made by Mr. A. H. Bullen, who is engaged on a new edition of the Elizabethan dramatists. Lamb's "Superannuated Man" writes, "I am like the man

— that's born, and has his years come to him  
In some green desert."

"I regret much," says Mr. Ainger, "that I have not succeeded in tracing this beautiful passage to its source. It has a ring of the *Arcadia*." Mr. Bullen has since discovered it in Middleton's "Mayor of Quinborough," where, however, the words are "rough desert." Elia's gentle hand touched nothing that it did not improve.

Two centuries ago an Act was passed obliging the dead to be buried in woollen, in order to protect home-spun goods against foreign linen. This led to Pope's famous satire on Mrs. Oldfield, the actress:—

Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead!

The tables are turned, and now Dr. Jaeger prescribes woollen for the living. This is the new panacea for the ills of life, and if Englishmen wish to be strong, and Englishwomen healthy and beautiful, they are advised to dress from head to foot in woollen garments.

Once more an assault has been committed in a railway carriage, and once more the communication with the guard has been found defective. If a life were lost, and in this case such a result seemed likely, something might be done; as it is, the fact will probably be stated and forgotten. A heavy fine is inflicted on the traveller who pulls the cord without good reason; why should not a heavier fine be imposed on a company which professes to give to its passengers a security that does not exist?

The United States Government is very much in earnest about encouraging the culture of native silk, and has just issued a circular offering to give silkworm eggs to persons who cannot afford to buy, but are willing to devote their time and attention to rearing and feeding the insects. The number of eggs given will depend on the kind and quantity of food within the reach of the applicant, and also on the amount of previous experience. Miss Rossiter, the Philadelphian lady who may be considered the pioneer of the movement, thinks that it will not make any perceptible advance till the State erects a "reel" which will prove to be the missing and necessary link between the "raiser" and the manufacturer. At present the silk cannot be wound off the cocoons and passed on to the factories without the intervention of middlemen who eat up the profits of the producers.

Dr. Hughes Bennett, in his lecture last week at Westminster Hospital, complained that there was no vocation so unthankfully acknowledged as that of the medical man. No doubt the medical profession, like every other in this country, is overstocked, no doubt the practitioner without special talent or connection must be content to make a living. It is rarely that he cannot do that, and his chances are certainly superior to those of the average barrister, architect, or man of letters. On the other hand, there are, and always have been, rich prizes in the profession. In the reigns of Anne and William III., Dr. Radcliffe had an income of more than seven thousand a year; Dr. Mead, whom Pope has honoured, gained nearly as much; Sir Henry Hallford received from ten to eleven thousand; and in the reprint, with additions, of a curious little volume called "The Gold-Headed Cane," from which these statistics have been taken, it is stated that a popular living physician had a fee of 2000 guineas for twice going to Pau, and a 1500-guinea fee for a week's sojourn at Pitlochry.

Do visitors to Matlock ever remember Phoebe Bown, the woman who lived and died there in masculine attire, who was the best judge of horseflesh in the vicinity, played the bass-viol in the musicians' gallery of the parish church, and discoursed sweet music on the flute and violin? She could lift a hundredweight with each hand, walk forty miles a day, guide the plough, thatch, and do farrier's and mason's work, break in colts with a marvellous amount of success, and had Milton and Shakspeare at her tongue's end. To these accomplishments she added that of being a good shot, and her exploits are still quoted in the neighbourhood. Her principal diet was milk and oatcake, and she abhorred pork as righteously as if she had been a daughter of Israel. Her epitaph is so terse and appreciative that it might have been written by that ripe scholar the Rev. Adolphus Irvine, Vicar of Hayslope, and may still be deciphered as follows:—

Here lies romantic Phoebe,  
Half Ganymede, half Hebe;  
A maid of mutable condition,  
A jockey, cowherd, and musician.

No word has been more universally admitted and even welcomed into other languages than the Italian *fiasco*, which in reality designates a wicker-covered bottle, such as is used for olive oil, and has nothing whatever to do with failure, false steps, or the thousand and one misadventures to which it is ordinarily applied. Italian tradition accounts for it by saying that Biancolelli, a celebrated harlequin, always carried with him to the theatre some item of everyday use, and cracked all manner of jokes about it. One evening he appeared on the stage with an empty *fiasco* in his hand, and said a great many droll things respecting it, but the audience was sullen and refused to even smile at his charming. Thereupon the enraged harlequin flung the bottle away, following it with much unparliamentary language, and thenceforth, whenever any attempt proved unsuccessful, people compared it to Biancolelli's *fiasco*, and thus the word came into universal use in its new signification.

It is said that the powers who rule the Luton School Board have decided to allow straw-plaiting to be taught to the pupils lest they should lose the nimbleness of finger and delicacy of touch indispensable for those who are to keep up the prestige of "Tuscan" and "Double Dunstable." Unfortunately, so much plait is now imported from the Continent that it is scarcely worth anyone's while to learn how to make it at home. Prices were low enough thirty years ago, when a "score" (twenty yards) of Tuscan fetched from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. in Tring market, and "double seven" 1s. 4d.; but it is far worse now, and in all cases the straw has to be bought of the dealer and deducted from the price of the plait.

Ladies who rejoice in the soft fluffy white feather trimming called *marabout* will perhaps be surprised to hear that they are indebted for most of it to the plumage of the common turkey. "Bubbly-Jock" has a great many downy feathers, and the majority are only coloured at the tips. These are cut off, and all brown and grey bits that remain are bleached into snowy whiteness and then woven into a kind of webbing, from which they never drop off, as the main stalk of the feather is incorporated with the foundation. The best turkey feathers come from Yorkshire, and are sorted into various tints for different trimmings.

New words and expressions are continually being introduced into most living languages, and this is a terrible stumbling block to many students of French, who complain that they can read and enjoy Voltaire, Bossuet, Musset, and Lamartine, but are at a loss when they take up a romance or a paper of their own day. Longfellow shared this feeling to some extent, and declared that the only modern French he could read and enjoy was in the works of M. Renan.

The Canton of Obwald in Switzerland is blessed with a peculiarly paternal Government with the high-sounding name of the Conseil d'Etat, and its very latest decree forbids that anyone under the age of twenty should smoke tobacco, cigar, or cigarette within its jurisdiction.

In 1885, three centuries will have passed since the immortal Raleigh took that great step towards the civilization of European nations—the introduction of tobacco! Think, smokers, of the angry moods the fragrant weed has soothed, the weary hours it has wiled away, the happy moments whose pleasure it has enhanced, and you will approve the notion of the Chicago tobaccoist who proposes to raise a monument to the great Sir Walter!

The inhabitants of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, are about to honour the memory of Dinah Morris, or rather of Elizabeth Evans, who is supposed to have been the prototype of George Eliot's gentle and saintly Methodist preacher. The memento will take the form of a chapel, but at present the necessary funds are not all forthcoming. The edifice, if ever completed, will be a unique and perhaps half-unconscious tribute to the genius of the authoress of "Adam Bede."



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

There are to my mind few ghastlier and more chilling spectacles than that of a London house "locked up" during the absence of its tenants at the sea-side, or confided to the charge of a subdued female person of uncertain age, whose nights you remorsefully think, sometimes, must be beset by apprehensions of burglars and ghosts. Yet the subdued person of uncertain age may (if she have a young nephew or niece to keep her company) be a more efficient custodian of your residence than the highly-recommended "man and his wife," who, you sometimes discover when you return to town, have been in the habit of giving evening parties more hilarious than select during your absence, and of "dancing the hays," and "playing Meg's diversion" generally, with such of your belongings as they could get at.

Such a ghastly and marrow-freezing mansion in the W.C. district I have to visit every Wednesday, on the correction of the proofs of these "Echoes" intent. All the stair-carpet is up, and the stony steps strike icily into you. Bolts and bars everywhere; and in the hall a fearful accumulation of pamphlets, newspapers, booksellers' catalogues, voting-papers for charities, and circulars relating to sewing-machines, the best fresh butter, the Vestry of St. Pancras, the Shoe-Blacking Reform Association, the West Central Mission to Brandy-Ball Sellers, the Knife-Grinders' Art Union (authorized by Act of Parliament), and Wallsend coals. There was something else that, last Wednesday, I noticed on the staircase wall of the ghastly house in the W.C. district. It was the large etching (splendid in drawing, but too black and blurred in the shadows) from the painting of the "Entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp"; and then (the etching looking ghastly and lugubrious under the circumstances) I remembered that the painter of the famous picture, Hans Makart, was lying dead at Vienna.

The career of this great painter was exceptionally splendid, but lamentably brief; and at least half of it was a bitter struggle against poverty and lack of appreciation. Prior to the Paris Exposition of 1878, when the "Charles V." attracted universal attention, and was greeted with universal applause, the painter of "The Seven Deadly Sins," of "Ophelia," and of "Spring," was scarcely known out of Austria. In his own country the gifted painter was by his Sovereign magnificently enriched. In Kaiser Franz Josef, Hans Makart found the most generous and the most sympathetic of patrons. It was on land belonging to the Imperial and Royal demesne that the artist's palatial studio was built. He painted sumptuously, lived gorgeously, spent his money lavishly, and died, at forty-two or forty-four, comparatively poor.

Makart was, in his last days at least, an extremely taciturn man. I have heard a good story told of a lady who (she was a great admirer of the painter) sat by his side for more than an hour vainly attempting to make him talk. At length, in despair, she cried, "Herr Makart, let us change the conversation." The story is almost as humorous as the one related of Heinrich Heine. A friend called upon the poet a very few days before his death; and Heine murmured, "You will find me very dull and stupid this morning. M. Choa has been with me" (M. Choa was a notorious blockhead), "and we changed our minds."

It seems to me that very hard measure has been dealt out to the Hammersmith costermongers; and I said so, in "another place," in a leading article some days since. These poor, hard-working, and as a rule honest and decent men, have had their standings unmolested in Hammersmith for more than sixteen years. All at once, the Fulham Board of Works has discovered that street-sellers are a nuisance, and whole batches of summonses were issued against the costermongers, not under the Police Acts, but under the provisions of a cloudy old statute passed so long ago as 1817, and known as Michael Angelo Taylor's Act. On the face of this law, which ought to have been repealed long ago, the magistrate at Hammersmith Police Court had no option save to convict the costermongers brought before him, and numbers of them have been fined.

The costers, naturally, have practically raised the cry of "Haro!" When an old-time Norman was intolerably oppressed by the tyranny of petty officials, he was wont to shout out three times, "Ha, Rhou! Help, my Prince! Wrong is being done me." "Rhou" was Rollo, the Just Duke of Normandy, who was in the habit of hanging up his golden bracelets to posts at the intersection of roads, as a tacit reminder to all whom it might concern that it was not permitted to steal gold bracelets nor anything else in the Duchy of Normandy, and that whoever stole a bracelet from a post, up to that post would surely be hanged. Duke Rollo is dead, and his soul is with the saints, we trust; but the costers have found a respondent to their cry of "Haro!" The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, past eighty, feeble and ailing, but with his hand true as ever to the plough when the Straight Furrow has to be driven, has spoken up for the costers. "I have the deepest sympathy," writes this excellent and compassionate nobleman, "for the costermongers of Hammersmith. They are the victims of a law harshly and unnecessarily put in operation. My long experience of the costermongers in Golden-lane shows me what the class in the district really is, and what, if civilly and kindly treated, it might be, everywhere." Score twenty for the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

Mem.: The Home Secretary (assuredly no "gushing" philanthropist) distinctly disapproves of the persecution of the Hammersmith costermongers.

Here, from "Rustic" (Dinan), is a common-sense, and, as I venture to think, sufficing explanation of the term "trap," as applied to a wheeled conveyance—

The old-fashioned gig had, under the seat, a sort of boot extending a few inches beyond the back of the seat. At the beginning of the century gigs were raised upon higher wheels than at present. On this raised vehicle

the boot was lengthened behind, holding a brace of dogs for sporting purposes. In these "dog-carts" (thus named afterwards) the dogs were at first placed in the boot at the front; and I dare say that the "noble sportsmen" may occasionally have had their heels or their calves bitten by dogs with short tempers, and with scant liking for the confinement of the boot. This led to a great improvement, in the shape of an open latticed box, which was attached to the back of the body of the conveyance, and provided with a TRAP-door behind for the admission of the dogs. In process of time the latticed box was found very convenient for the carriage of other things besides dogs; and, as everything conveyed in the cart (chattels, not people) had to be put in through the trap-door (soon curtailed into "trap": compare "bus" for omnibus, "cab" for cabriolet), the conveyance itself was eventually termed a "trap."

Mem.: The curt and bald definition of "trap" as a wheeled vehicle in Webster's Dictionary (Goodrich, Porter, and Mahr, 1880) amusingly marks a difference between English and American parlance. "Trap," says Webster, "A wagon or other similar conveyance: Colloq." And Mr. Thackeray is quoted as an authority for the colloquialism, "trap." But, to the English mind, "wagon," or "waggon," conveys the idea of a heavy four-wheeled vehicle with a tilt. It conveys the same meaning in French. A railway carriage is a "wagon." In American, a "wagon" may be, comparatively speaking, as light as a feather. Compare "trotting-wagon," "spider-wagon." "The waggoner," says Sir Roger Lestranger, "took notice that it was the worst wheel that made the most noise." Is that proverbial locution still in use?

The Silly Season is coming to a brave end with a foolish clutter about "Sanitary Clothing." Dr. Gustav Jaeger, Professor of Zoology and Physiology at Stuttgart, has made the notable discovery that, being animals, we should wear animal clothing. "The absorption by vegetable life of poisonous emanations from animal life is a process not limited to living plants, but is continued by vegetable fibre—such as cotton, linen, &c.—with the difference that while the living plant assimilates these emanations, the dead fibre cannot do so, but exhales them again when wetted or warmed. . . . It suffices to wear clothes of pure wool throughout, and there is an end at once to the unpleasantness noticed in linen and cotton underclothing," and so forth.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary clothing for men consists of "tight-fitting stockinette" (what a word! does he mean stockinet? and that is scarcely less hideous) undergarments, made of pure undyed wool, fastened over the shoulder, and of double thickness over the breast.

The coat or jacket is double-breasted, buttoned well up to the throat, contains no lining nor padding unless of pure wool, and is either undyed or treated only with uninjurious fast dyes. The same rule applies to the trousers, while the waistcoat is either dispensed with altogether, or it forms an inner flap affixed to the side of the coat. Inside the sleeves and the trouser-legs there is a contrivance which, fastening tight round the limb, prevents up-draughts; for cold, rheumatism, lumbago, &c., are caught by the sudden rush of cold air to one particular part of the body, and not by the gradual cooling of the entire system. The feet are clad in pure woollen socks with divisions for each toe, while the upper part of the boot is made of felt, the lower part also of felt or of porous leather, and the inner soles consist of perforated leather and layers of felt. Thus the boot is thoroughly porous, and the feet are consequently kept as clean and pure as the hands.

It strikes me that Dr. Jaeger's wardrobe must have been hitherto sadly deficient in what English people have long enjoyed: that is to say, woollen hosiery, "fleece" and otherwise. Most of us wear next to our skins garments of flannel, of cashmere, or of silk; but, in addition, most of us have a partiality for wearing clean shirts, preferably of long-cloth, with linen fronts, collars, and cuffs. We do so for the sake not only of comfort but of cleanliness. If Dr. Jaeger's pedantic scheme were to find universal acceptance, and the poorer classes ceased to wear cotton, they would cease to have their woollen underclothes washed, and the mass of the people would become as personally filthy as the Russian moujik, who, being an animal, indeed wears "animal clothing" in the shape of his malodorous sheepskin touloupe. The ancient Romans never had their woollen togas properly washed. When the garments had become intolerably unsavoury they were sent to the fullonica to be fumigated with sulphur and "dis-greased" with fuller's earth, and subjected to other very nasty processes, for a description of which see Pliny, Natural History XXVII.; while the poor wore mantles of dark-coloured wool to save the expense of sending them to the fullonica. That would surely be one of the effects of our being "Jaegerised." There are undyed wools, black and brown. In my mind's eye I see an advertisement of the future. "The Abruzzi Under-Wear. Pure undyed wool of a rich chocolate hue. Lasts for ever. Never wants washing." Away, Jaeger! You are not to be permitted to convert the free-born Briton into a German sausage with a tightly-fitting woollen skin. We want fresh air and plenty of clean linen.

As the brother of a quondam student of the Royal Academy of Music (F.A.S. ob: 1880), I note with great joy a letter from Mr. John Gill, Secretary to the Academy, that there has been so large an increase in the number of students at the admirable institution in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, that it has become imperatively necessary to restrict the use of the large concert-room to scholastic purposes; that no public performances within its walls are now practicable; and that, consequently, the authorities have no longer any need to apply to the Middlesex magistrates for a music license. It is a somewhat diverting commentary on the manner in which we manage art matters in England that the Royal Academy of Music should ever have been constrained to ask for permission to give occasional public concerts from an authority which licenses ginshops.

Yet I mind the time when the Royal Academy of Music required not only a music but a dancing license. I remember the annual ball of the R. A. M. When was the last festivity of that kind held in Tenterden-street; or did the ball take place at the Hanover-square Rooms? The particular "hop" to which I allude was held in 1836. High stocks, double breast-pins, chocolate-coloured dress-coats, crimson velvet dress-waistcoats, white under-waistcoats, light pantaloons, speckled silk socks, and pumps were the wear then,

From Naples comes the news that Italian sympathy for the cholera-stricken city (now happily beginning to exhibit symptoms of convalescence) has taken in many towns the form of the public and ceremonious collection of clothes and money for the suffering Neapolitans. Such a collection is called a "Passeggiata di beneficenza." There has been one in Rome. The movement has been taken up in Palermo; and I read of fifty-four cars filled with articles of dress and with money to the value of 70,000 lire, nearly three thousand pounds sterling. Of the cash nearly nine thousand lire were in copper coin, "showing the interest which the poorer classes took in the movement." The cars were accompanied by eight bands of music, which played alternately the Royal Hymn and that of Garibaldi, amidst indescribable enthusiasm.

Excellent. The public collection, by-the-way, in Sicily of cast off garments for charitable purposes is no new thing. Excellent, I repeat; but take care. Take care of infection. I hope that when the money arrived in Naples the authorities took care to boil the coppers. When Mr. James Catnach, printer, of Seven Dials, was at the height of his prosperity as a purveyor of popular anthology, he was in the habit of receiving such large sums in copper that he used to take the coins in a hackney coach to the Bank of England. When his neighbours in Seven Dials refused to take his coppers for fear of catching a fever, which was said to have spread by their contact with the hands of low cadgers and hawkers, the ready-witted Catnach boiled his discredited coppers *en masse* in a strong solution of soda and vinegar; and with brightness his pence and halfpence recovered their popularity.

In a review in the *Times* of a very interesting monogram, by Mr. Macgeorge, on the life and work of the late distinguished water-colour painter Mr. W. L. Leitch, who was in early life a theatrical scene-painter, the reviewer incidentally remarks:—

There is a story current about him which Mr. Macgeorge does not tell—deeming it, perhaps, beneath the dignity of history—to the effect that on one occasion, when a Highland drama was being acted, the tartans and stockings ran short; but Leitch, equal to the situation, turned his painter's skill to good purpose by adorning his own legs with a magnificent pair of stockings painted on the bare calf in all the brilliancy of oil colours.

A scene-painter would in greater likelihood use distemper instead of oil-colour; but that is no great matter. But it appears to me to be a matter of sheer physical impossibility for any painter to describe a tartan pattern right round his leg from shin to calf. He might so adorn somebody else's legs; but I doubt the practicability of his adorning his own. Besides, his attempting to do so would be absurdly useless. He might paint the pattern on a piece of paper or canvas, and, cutting it to the shape of the simulated hose, stick them to his legs. A much better story of playhouse shifts is that of the young actress in a poverty-stricken country theatre, who was "cast" for the part of Captain Macheath in the "Beggar's Opera," and was absolutely destitute of a pair of jack-boots. But she was the object of the respectful attachment of the local chemist and druggist, who provided her with a store of black sticking-plaster, which, carefully stuck on to a pair of long cotton stockings, had a very Macheath and jack-boot-like look, indeed.

Dr. James Macaulay, M.A., M.D.—deem not "Dr." as well as "M.D." to be a pleonasm: In that list of subscribers to Dryden's *magnum opus*, of which I spoke just now, I find the name of "Dr. Garth, M.D.," has done good service to the cause of letters by editing a compilation of "Johnsoniana," which, in a most tasteful and symmetrical form, on stout paper and in bold, clear type, has just been issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster-square. "Dr. Johnson, his Life, Work, and Table Talk: the Centenary Edition." Such is the title of the handy little volume of one hundred and fifty-six pages pages before me. I hope that its perusal may incite studious young men to read Johnson throughout. Once master the mechanism of his diction (and very noble his diction is, notwithstanding all the silly sneers that have been flung at it), and there is nothing obscure or unintelligible in the Doctor; and I am sure that it would be difficult to light upon as many consecutive pages of Sam Johnson's writing from which studious young men might not be able to cull some directly instructive and improving matter. I never met what I may call a fully-read man yet but, after a short time, I discovered that he was full of Johnson proper. It is the frothy and superficial man who worries and wearies you with Boswell's Johnson at second hand.

In the matter of the title of Esquire. Several correspondents who have addressed me on this subject have slightly misunderstood my meaning. I am fully aware that the son of the Earl of Whitechokerly has every right to be addressed as "The Honourable Fabian Fitzdottrel, Esquire"; but I contended and contend that we do not so now address him. We write to him simply as the Hon. Fabian Fitzdottrel. One of my correspondents has seen a letter addressed to "The Honourable Horace Walpole, Esquire." For all that, the practice of epistolarily dubbing Honourables Esquire seems to have been dying out so early as the end of the seventeenth century. In the list of subscribers to the first edition of Dryden's *Virgil*, fol., Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head in Fleet-street, near the Inner Temple-gate, 1697, I find "William Bromley, Esquire, of Warwickshire"; "Orlando Bridgman, Esquire," "Lady Chudleigh of the West," "Mr. William Congreve," "Mr. Grinlin Guibbons," "The Honourable Will Cheyne," "The Honourable Colon Finch," and "The Hon. Edward Clifford." Then I am puzzled by "The Hon. Mr. Robert Bruce"; and finally, "The Honourable Henry Boyle" and "The Honourable James Stanley" are Esquires as well. Sam Pepys and his trusty Will Hower are Esquires.

A dogmatic correspondent, "C. C." (Northampton), who starts with the postulate that "a gig is not a trap," and who sends me some pen-and-ink diagrams (not at all badly drawn) of wheels and shafts signifying in the main nothing, had better read "Rustic's" lucid explanation of how a gig became a "trap," and then "take a back seat" in one. G. A. S.





AMUSEMENTS OF OUR SAILORS AT SUEZ: DONKEY POLO.

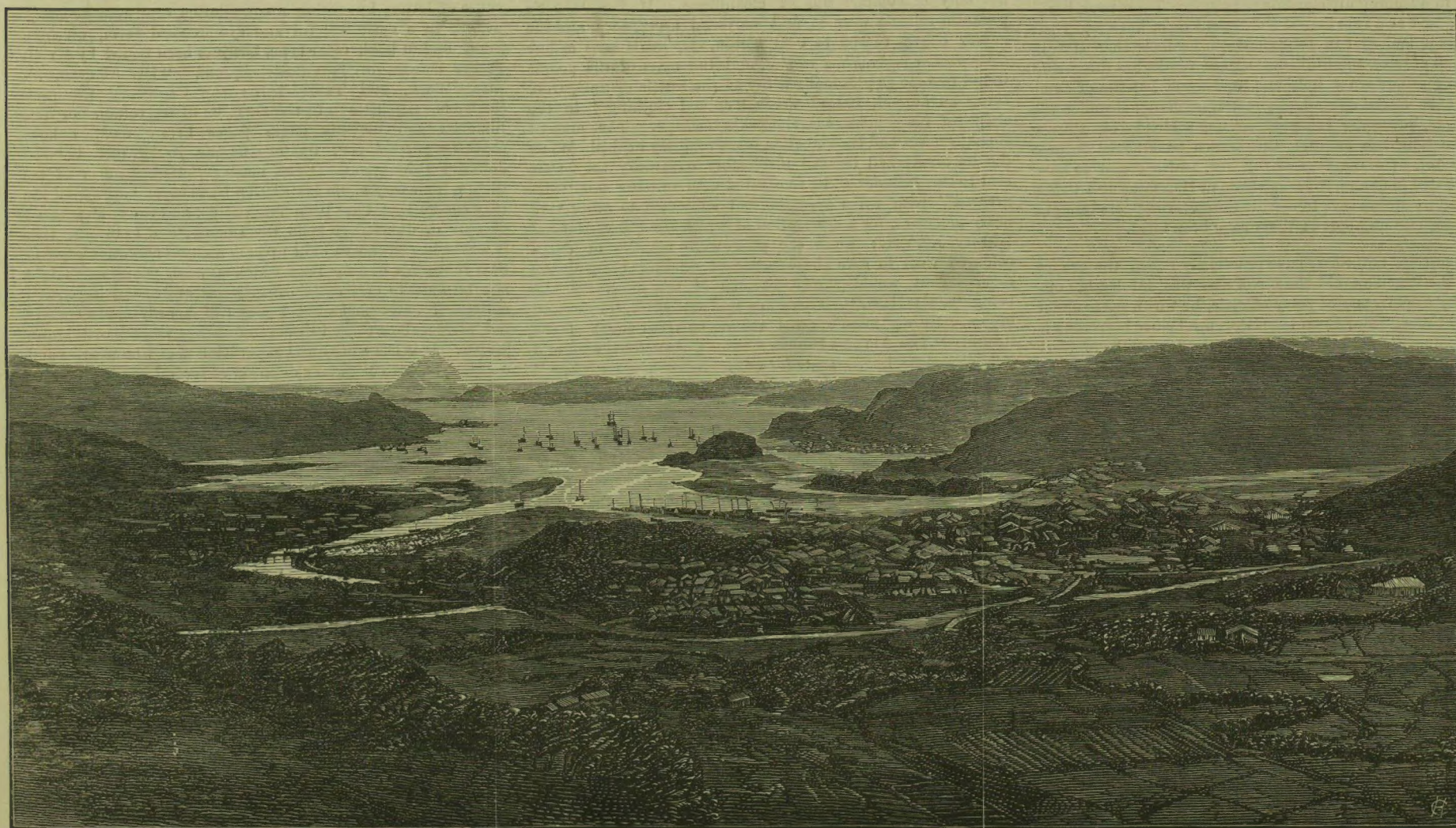
## THE FRENCH ATTACK ON FORMOSA.

The French squadron commanded by Admiral Courbet last week again attacked Kelung, the Chinese town and port on the north coast of the island of Formosa, which was bombarded, on Aug. 5, by a part of the naval force under Rear-Admiral Lespès. The Chinese forts, of which there are four, two on the east side of the bay, and two on the west side, the former armed with eight Krupp guns, were on the first occasion silenced by the fire of the French ship, but a small landing party was repulsed in an attempt to capture these

forts. In the second attack, on Wednesday week, the western forts were taken after some fighting, four or five of the French being killed, and about a dozen wounded. Kelung is a place of little commercial importance, but has some trade with the opposite coast of China, about Foochow. There are coal-mines at a short distance from the town, which are worked by the Chinese, but the coal is unsuitable for steamers. Sulphur also is found in a neighbouring valley. Not far south-west of Kelung is the port of Tamsui, which the French have now occupied. Its harbour is better than the others at the northern extremity of the island, and it has a larger export trade of rice,

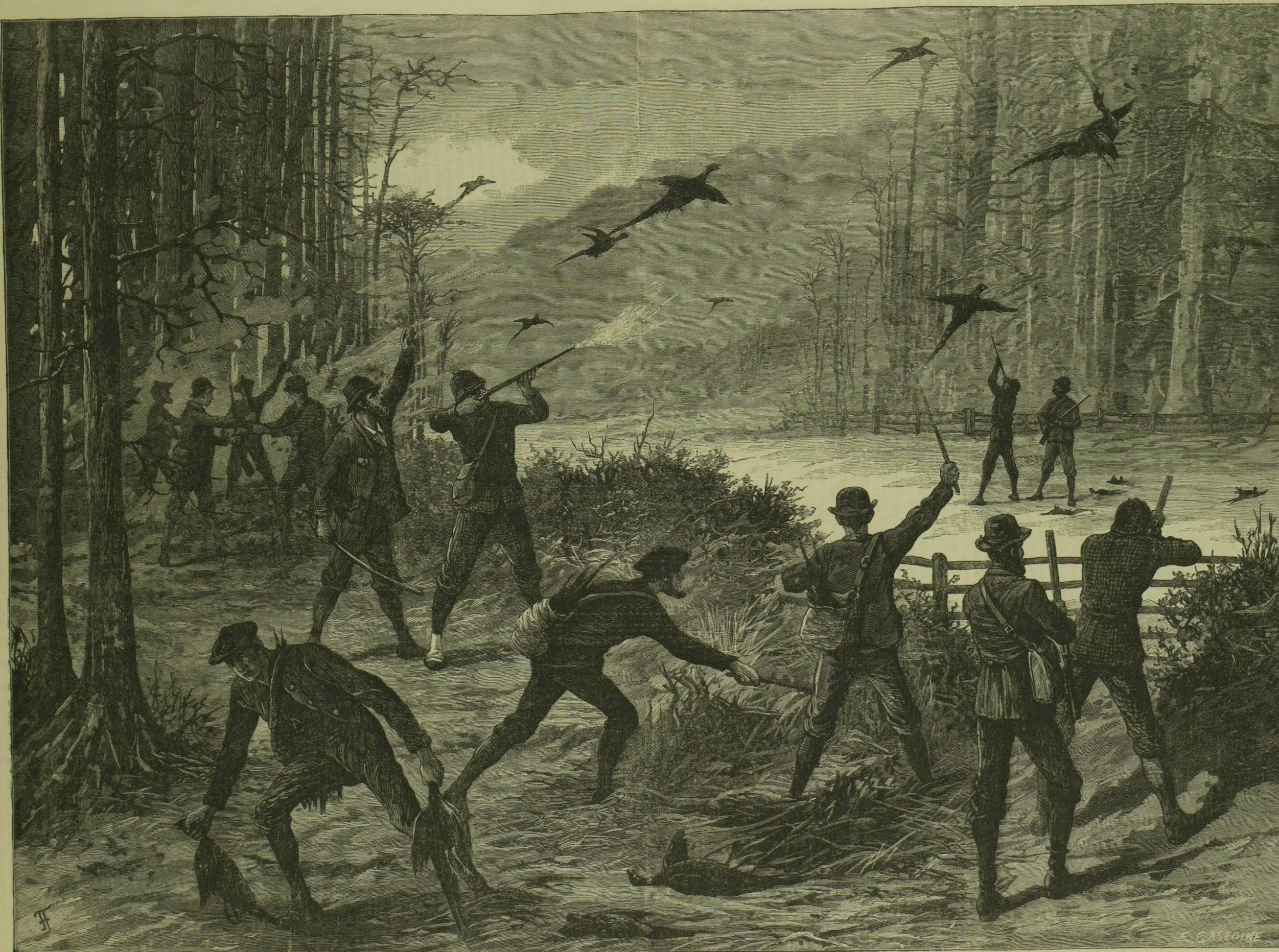
tea, hemp and jute, and grass-cloth fibre, sent to the nearest Chinese ports. There is an old Dutch fort on the hill, long since deserted.

At a meeting convened by the Mayor of Ramsgate it has been resolved to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Moses Montefiore by an extensive distribution of coal and blankets, the latter bearing Sir Moses' motto, "Think and Thank." Tuesday, the 28th inst., the day of the celebration, will be observed as a holiday in the town.



KELUNG CITY AND HARBOUR, BOMBARDED BY THE FRENCH.





PHEASANT SHOOTING.



## BIRTHS.

On the 6th inst., at Arlington-street, the Lady Maud Wolmer, of a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, the Countess of Aberdeen, of a son.

## MARRIAGE.

On the 4th inst., at St. John's, Notting-hill, by the father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Robinson Thornton, D.D., Vicar of the parish, Philip Eustace, younger son of the Rev. Thomas D. C. Morse, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, to Emily Ann Pullen, niece of John Jarvis, Esq., of 55, Ladbrooke-grove, W.

## DEATH.

On the 28th ult., at Roland Mansions, South Kensington, Sir James Lumsden Seton, Bart., of Pitmedden, aged 49.

\*. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.55 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.**—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

## PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 35s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**TICKETS** and every information at Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and Grand Hotel Building; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus Office; also at Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.**—Accelerated conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 9½ hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 20 hours; to Vienna, 39 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 35 hours; and to every great city on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi. Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 56 lb. of Luggage gratis on board of the mails.

**BEDS** against SEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms, Private Cabins, Stewards, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-Trains. Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars. Agencies at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 90A; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

## TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

**THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME.** All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the inimitable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT: DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE,** Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Play *Pygmalion* in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE of CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, at 2.30.

**ANNO DOMINI,** by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 188, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 55, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

General Lord Wolsley, commanding the military expedition up the Nile, left Cairo a fortnight ago, and is now at Wady Halfa. While at Cairo, his Lordship was constantly occupied in the business of the expedition, but he occasionally took riding exercise on the Shoubrah road, and was seen trying a camel, in order to prepare himself for the intended march across the Nubian Desert, in which he will lead the Camel Corps of British soldiers. Our Artist has sketched this novel incident, an illustration of which appears on the front page. The men of the Camel Corps arrived at Alexandria, by the steam-ships Deccan and Australia, from Portsmouth, on Tuesday last. The rowing-boats are now being sent up the Nile, in barges towed by steamers from Siout to Assouan, at the rate of forty in a day. The railway from Assouan past the First Cataract does not work satisfactorily, two of the five engines having got out of order, or run off the rails. At Wady Halfa, some progress has been made; the Royal Engineers are completing the Second Cataract railway to Sarras, the commissariat stores are being forwarded to the latter place, and a military hospital has been formed. Lord Wolsley arrived there on Sunday last. Sir Charles Wilson has gone on to Dongola, and the troops are rapidly moving up.

The report that General Gordon had driven the enemy out of Berber, bombarding that town from his steamers on the Nile, and had then returned to Khartoum, seems to be confirmed. On the other hand, we have the sad news of the death of his comrade, Colonel John Donald Stewart, of the 11th Hussars, the only British officer who had shared with General Gordon the labours of the defence of Khartoum. Colonel Stewart was with General Gordon at the attack on Berber, towards the end of September, and afterwards, in one of the steamers, went on down the river, intending, it is supposed, to reach Debbah or Dongola. The steamer got on a rock, and could not proceed. It is said that Colonel Stewart, who had about forty men with him, then made an arrangement with an Arab chief, who promised to conduct him across the desert to Merawi. But as soon as he left the steamer, the Arabs treacherously set upon him and those who accompanied him, killing all of them except four. Colonel Stewart was a very able officer, thoroughly acquainted with the Soudan, and his death is a great loss to the expedition. The news had not, up to Wednesday evening, been officially confirmed; but there was little doubt of it.

Lord Northbrook was to arrive at Assouan in the middle of this week. There are rumours of his intention to propose the entire suppression of the native Egyptian army, as a useless burden on the finances of Egypt. The protest of the European Public Debt Commissioners against the suspension of the Sinking Fund has been followed by notice of judicial proceedings against the Khedive's Ministers; but it is not likely that they will be brought to trial.

## KASSALA, IN THE SOUDAN.

The diary of the *Times*' correspondent at Khartoum, Mr. Power, one of the three Englishmen, including General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, who have been in that besieged city during the past seven months, states that a letter had reached General Gordon from the Arab commander at Kassala, Seyyid Mohamed Osman, an Emir of Mecca, promising his assistance to the Khartoum garrison. Kassala is situated east of the river Atbara, just about half-way between Khartoum and the seaport town of Massowah, on the shore of the Red Sea, but distant some three hundred miles from either of those places. We are indebted to Mr. W. D. James for the View of Kassala now presented to our readers, which is from a large and fine photograph taken by himself in one of his journeys through the Eastern Soudan. It will be remembered that he and his brothers, with Mr. G. Percy Aylmer, Mr. R. B. Colvin, Mr. Lort Phillips, and other gentlemen, formed a party which went out in December, 1881, landing at Souakim, and travelled southward to the Basé country between the Gash or Mareb river and the Settite, or Takazze, on the Abyssinian frontier. Mr. F. L. James gave an interesting description of that region, with many anecdotes of its native people, and of the hunting of wild animals there, in his volume entitled "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," published by Mr. Murray last year, and noticed in this Journal at the time. His brother had been there four years before. Kassala, indeed, has long been the chosen rendezvous of European hunters, sportsmen, and naturalists, in quest of large game to be found in the East African desert, or of living specimens to be procured for zoological collections; and many of the animals in our Regent's Park Gardens have been obtained from that place, where it is a regular trade. The province is rich and fertile, growing cotton of good quality; and the water of the Gash, for some miles above and below the town, is made to irrigate the soil by the aid of "Sakiyehs," or water-lifting machines, similar to those used on the Nile in Egypt. The town, which is next in size to Khartoum, has a population of fifteen thousand, besides the garrison of soldiers. It is surrounded by a wall, and seems to have been held by Seyyid Mohamed Osman, against the hostile Arabs, in the months of April and May this year, with much valour and skill, and with entire success. The communication with Massowah was interrupted for a time, but has since been restored.

## SAILORS' DONKEY POLO AT SUEZ.

Whenever and wherever Jack is ashore, with free leave to amuse himself as he likes, the favourite pastime for him is riding any kind of four-legged beast. Horse, ass, mule, camel, or dromedary, is all the same to him; there are countries where men ride on oxen, and Jack could do that as well as another. At Suez, and probably at other ports of Egypt and the Red Sea, donkeys are more available than ponies; and British seamen, who take a satirical pride in emulating on land the performances of British soldiers, have recently attempted an asinine imitation of the military game of polo. It is great fun to see them, as they are shown in our correspondent's sketches, on the sands adjacent to that harbour, desperately struggling with the stubborn temper of native quadrupeds which refuse to go through those perilous manoeuvres. The poor animals were naturally bewildered by their strange riders being armed with such queer implements as polo-sticks fitted with ladles, hammers, and even pistols tied at the end, wherewith to smite and drive the flying ball. The saddles, too, were ill-adapted for successful assmanship; the fact is, as every country boy knows, that you should have no saddle, but sit on the crupper instead of the loins of your beast, if you would give free action to his forelegs, which are comparatively weak. Moreover, these Egyptian donkeys are used to be guided by the halter, not by reins, and a pull of the bridle only provokes the creature to throw you off. The boatswain's mate, as an experienced sailor, bethought him of handling that natural rudder, the tail, but not even with the aid of two Arabs, hauling and shoving, could force his vessel of wrath to answer the helm. Various methods of steering, tacking, belaying, slacking, holding on, heaving away, clewing up, letting go, and executing other nautical operations on ass-back were tried in vain. The native donkey-boys, unaccustomed, like their long-eared charges, to such terms of art, did not understand the orders. Donkey Polo at Suez was, on the whole, a manifest failure, but the attempt was capital fun.

Next Monday has been appointed for the receiving day for the works of art intended for the autumn exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries.

Thomas Henry Orrock, who shot a constable at Dalston nearly two years ago, and Henry Harris, who murdered his wife at Kilburn, were hanged on Monday in Newgate Prison.

Last week 2610 births and 1328 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 12, and the deaths 117, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 10 from smallpox, 12 from measles, 26 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 11 from whooping-cough, 18 from enteric fever, and 70 from dysentery.

Many applications having been made at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption for the services of trained nurses to take charge of private patients, it has been decided that a limited number of nurses shall be kept to meet what is evidently a want widely felt in the community. While all the nurses of this hospital have had unusual opportunities of gaining a thorough knowledge of the requirements of patients suffering from diseases of the chest, fully qualified nurses will always be available to proceed at any time to undertake private cases of all sorts, whether medical or surgical. Full particulars may be had on application to the Lady Superintendent, Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton.

The Sanitary Congress in Dublin continued its sittings on the 2nd inst. Mr. Cotton, engineering inspector to the Local Government Board for Ireland, read a paper, in which he gave an account of the progress the country was making in the way of improved drainage and water supplies. Surgeon-General De Renzy read a paper, in which he contended that experience in India affords sure ground for believing that cholera, more perhaps than any other of the great pestilences which afflict the human race, admits of prevention. In the evening the members were entertained at a banquet at which Earl Spencer was one of the speakers. The business of the Congress was concluded on the 3rd inst. by a lecture from Dr. Carpenter, of London, the chairman of the council. He urged that stringent legislative measures should be passed to prevent the overcrowding of houses in the poorer parts of cities, and further recommended that in place of sewage being thrown into the sea and wasted, it should be used for manuring. If the present system of sewage in London were continued, a state of things would gradually be produced which would make the future sanitary history of the Thames somewhat similar to that which belongs to the Pontine marshes or the deltas of the great rivers of India.

## MUSIC.

## THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The last provincial Festival of the year will take place next week, beginning on Tuesday evening, and ending on the following Friday evening. The occasion will be the twenty-first triennial meeting held at Norwich. This Festival—like those of Birmingham, Leeds, and Bristol—is independent of any association with other celebrations, unlike those of the meetings of the associated three cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, which take place in yearly alternation at each city—the 161st of these occasions (at Worcester) having been reported by us last month. The object of all these festivals is a benevolent one—that of the three-choir meetings being the rendering of help to widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the respective dioceses—the purpose of the other festivals being to aid the funds of local hospitals. The Norwich Festival has long been of high importance, second only to that of Birmingham. Under the conductorship of the late Professor Edward Taylor, Spohr's sacred music was first made extensively known in this country at Norwich Festivals, some of his finest works having been produced there; his oratorio "The Fall of Babylon" having been composed for Norwich. Sir Julius Benedict (who conducted these Festivals from 1842) has brought out here some fine compositions, notably his "Legend of St. Cecilia." Other important works—by composers past and present—have been produced. On the retirement of Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Randegger was appointed conductor of the Festival of 1881, and the forthcoming performances will again be under his able direction.

Next week's celebration promises to maintain the high character of the Norwich Festivals; the arrangements being on a grand scale, and the programmes including novelties of interest. The orchestra and chorus will number about 350 performers; Mr. Carrodus is the leading and solo violinist, Dr. Bunnet is the organist, and Dr. Hill the chorus master. Mr. Randegger—as already said—being the conductor. The principal vocalists are Miss Emma Nevada, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Damian, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thorndike.

Great interest attaches to the production—next Thursday morning—of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," composed expressly for this Festival—other novelties (also produced for this occasion) will be, an "Elegiac Ode," for solos, chorus, and orchestra, by Mr. C. V. Stanford, to text by Walt Whitman; "Apollo's Invocation," by Mons. J. Massenet (a scena, to be sung by Mr. Maas), a madrigal by Mr. Barnby, a new part-song by Dr. Hill, and one by Dr. Bunnett.

The Festival will open on Tuesday evening with "Elijah," M. Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" will be given on Wednesday morning, and the first miscellaneous concert will take place in the evening. Thursday morning (as already said) will be devoted to Mr. Mackenzie's new work, the second miscellaneous concert occurring in the evening. On Friday morning the usual sacred climax will be Handel's "Messiah"; a third miscellaneous concert in the evening closing the Festival with a varied and interesting programme, comprising Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music, and a selection of characteristic and humorous pieces.

All the performances take place in St. Andrew's Hall, a fine gothic building, the remaining nave of a church, some four centuries old.

Mr. George Watts's annual benefit concert took place at the Royal Albert Hall this week, when the attractions offered were unusually great and varied.

## PHEASANT-SHOOTING: A WARM CORNER.

We cannot honestly profess to be particularly in love with pheasant-shooting, or, at any rate, with what is generally understood by pheasant-shooting in these luxurious days. However highly grouse may be preserved on the Scotch and English moors, respectable bags are not to be made without a certain amount of bodily labour. In the course of a long day there is bound to be plenty of tramping through the heather, and the unaccustomed exercise, together with the fine bracing air of the north, is sure to send home the Londoner—whose preparatory gallops have been taken on the pavement of Regent-street or Pall-mall—healthily tired out, and feeling that "Something attempted, something done, Has earned a night's repose." Partridge-shooting, too, has entirely changed its character. Twenty years ago, or even less, a kennel of well-broken pointers or setters was an indispensable adjunct to the sport, and the true sportsman derived half his enjoyment from watching the wonderful patience and sagacity that Don and Sancho would display in working every inch of a big stubble field, or likely patch of potatoes. With the "high" farming now in vogue all this is altered. The reaping-machines leave no cover for the birds, and resort is had to driving, so that, in most parts of the country, the pointer's occupation is gone, and one clever retriever is the only dog required by a large party. Still, even now, a good show of birds cannot be obtained without a reasonable amount of walking, and up and down a turnip field, with the wet leaves coming well over one's gaiters, is not exactly the path that a sybarite would choose for a morning's stroll. Pheasants, on the contrary, can be slaughtered in any quantity without any exertion whatever, provided always that money is no object, and that one can find enjoyment in sport (!) of this kind. It would be impossible to breed them naturally in the numbers required, so, at the right season, there is a large demand for eggs, which, in the first instance, have to be obtained by fair means or foul, and this leads to an immense deal of poaching and stealing. The eggs are set under hens, and for two or three months in the year a head keeper's time is fully occupied in rearing the young birds. These, being turned down only a few days before a big battue has been arranged, are almost as tame as barn-door fowls, and have often to be fairly kicked up before they will rise. Under these circumstances, a favoured guest can be driven to the end of the wood towards which the beaters are working, placed in a warm corner—on a chair if he prefers it to standing—and then he only requires two guns, and a servant to load, to enable him to kill almost as many pheasants as he chooses. Each bird will have cost the owner of the shooting at least a guinea, and we cannot help thinking that he has received very poor value for his money. In a thoroughly wild state, however, the pheasant is capable of giving really excellent sport, and is a far more difficult bird to kill than might be imagined. We have many a pleasant remembrance of a brisk morning towards the end of October, with just that touch of frost in the air which is so delightful after a long hot summer. A walk up and down a likely piece of mangel has resulted in a couple of brace of partridges, several outlying rabbits have been accounted for, and, in one small field, no less than five hares have been added to the bag. Approaching a small spinney, the keeper tells us that we are sure to find a few pheasants, and we soon hear the whirr with which the gorgeous bird rises, when it requires a little more skill to stop him than if we had been honoured with a "warm corner" at some fashionable battue.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Town is refilling, rejoicing the hearts of theatrical managers. One after the other the long deserted playhouses are being opened. Abandoning the uncongenial rôle of a Birmingham moralist, Mrs. Kendal is delighting her wide circle of admirers afresh at the St. James's in Mr. Pinero's English version of M. Georges Ohnet's popular French drama, "Le Maître des Forges." A little less further west, at the brilliantly and handsomely renovated Criterion, now transformed into one of the most luxurious, elegant, and commodious of London theatres, Mr. Charles Wyndham has resumed the laughter-moving performances of Mr. Albery's diverting comedy of "Featherbrain," of which Mr. Marius is the life and soul. "Featherbrain" has been ingeniously ballasted, and now runs smoothly enough. In Leicester-square, albeit the Alhambra remains closed pending the answer of the most potent, grave, and reverend signors of the Middlesex Bench to the application for a Music-Hall license, the spick and span new Empire continues open under circumstances as adverse as worthy Mr. Micawber suffered under, the new Managers relying on the harmony and fun evolved, chiefly by Miss Fanny Leslie, from the burlesque opera of "Dick," which is succeeded by the comic ballet of "Rip-iti-Pip."

On this present Saturday night, the place of "Princess Ida" at the Savoy will be taken by the Gilbert-Sullivan musical pieces of "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer"; and the Opéra Comique will be reopened by Mr. Harrington Baily, who offers light and attractive fare in Mr. T. G. Warren's baby comedy of "Nita's First" and Mr. Edward Rose's neat stage version of Mr. F. Anstey's droll schoolboy story, "Vice Versa."

The Novelty Theatre, conducted with signal ability by Miss Nelly Harris, was well filled on Saturday night last, when the new musical piece of "Polly" was produced with every sign of success. Conveyance being so much in vogue—convey, the wise it call—it would be idle to inquire how far the writer of the libretto has been indebted to "H.M.S. Pinafore" for his dramatic personages, or in what musical libraries the composer of "Polly" has sought inspiration for his airs. It will be sufficient to remark on this point that Mr. James Mortimer and Mr. Edward Solomon have, with considerable ingenuity, adapted the naval situations of "H.M.S. Pinafore" to the Army in the comic opera of "Polly." His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Command-in-Chief is possibly too good-natured to take objection to the genial caricature of him presented by Mr. Alfred Bishop in the cleverly acted part of General Bangs, C.B. Notwithstanding the venerable General's experience of matrimony, and the antagonism of "the General's eight fair daughters" (whose introductory chorus, very lively and taking, deserved the ready encore it obtained), the susceptible Bangs, C.B., no sooner catches sight of plump and pretty Polly Pluckrose than he incontinentally falls in love with this bewitching daughter of the regiment. Fickle Polly is also beloved by Private Mangel, whom she eventually consents to wed when the mystery of her birth is cleared up, and her own particular Tommy Atkins avows himself a German Prince. The music of "Polly" is remarkably melodious. Allusion has been made to the catching chorus of "We are the General's eight fair daughters"—a chorus matched by the very quaint and diverting "Dear Papa" in the second act. The tripping "One more kiss ere we part," with which the first act closed, likewise merited the irresistible demand for its repetition. Miss Lillian Russell, gifted with a voice of rare sweetness, made a captivating Polly, and was encoored in the really charming lyric, "What is love?" The General Bangs of Mr. H. Bishop was well mated with the Lady McAsser of Miss Susie Vaughan, who always throws plenty of individuality into her assumptions, and invests her present rôle with abundant character. Mr. H. Cooper-Cliffe as Colonel Tussell and Mr. Leamane as Private Mangel, and the well-trained chorus representing the "General's eight fair daughters" with the smart Hussars and Life Guards, contribute further to the success of "Polly," the composer and author of which had to appear before the curtain to bow their acknowledgments of the crowning tribute of applause. G. A. S.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces an English copyright edition of "Bayard Taylor's Life and Letters," edited by his widow.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have sent us some examples of new menu, dance programme, and guest cards. That they are tastefully got up goes without saying.

The Seamen's Orphan Home Bazaar at Hull, opened by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Wednesday week, realised £5225.

Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., is about to retire from the command of the 2nd West York Yeomanry Cavalry (Prince of Wales's Own), which he has held twenty-one years.

The Inner Circle Railway of London and its extensions to Whitechapel, with the five new stations, Cannon-street, Eastcheap, Mark-lane, Aldgate East, and St. Mary, Whitechapel, were opened for public traffic on Monday.

A largely-attended meeting was held at Manchester on Monday, at which the necessary authority was by resolution given to the city corporation to make a contribution towards the cost of promoting the Ship Canal Bill next Session.

A scheme has been started for erecting a School of Science and Art for Southport, at a cost of £6000. The Town Council has granted a site, and the authorities of South Kensington Museum have promised £850.

Having heard the evidence of the survivors of the Wasp, the court-martial at Portsmouth has found that the gun-boat was wrecked from the want of due care and attention in the navigation, but that no blame was attributable to any of the survivors.

Democracy formed the subject of an interesting address given on Monday night by the Hon. James Russell Lowell, United States Minister to this country, at the Midland Institute, Birmingham. He defined democracy as that form of society in which every man has a chance, and knows that he has it.

Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., has informed the Liberal electors of Lambeth that it is not his intention to seek re-election for the borough at the next election. He has represented the constituency for sixteen years.—Speaking at Maidenhead on Tuesday night, Mr. Walter, M.P., intimated his intention not to seek re-election for Berkshire. The other two sitting members will also retire.—Mr. S. C. Evans Williams, who has represented the Radnor Boroughs in the Liberal interest since 1880, has resigned his seat.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have published a large chromo-lithograph entitled "Closing Scene in the Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield." It represents the House of Lords in 1880, with Lord Beaconsfield addressing the House, and it contains nearly 250 portraits, among whom the leaders of the two great political parties are easily recognizable. The artist has handled a very difficult subject with great success, the portraits are faithful, and the general aspect of the House is well rendered.

## THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

The *English Illustrated* claims the first place among the magazines of the month in virtue of a contribution the like of which is not often to be found in a magazine, the second part of Mr. Shorthouse's "Little Schoolmaster Mark." Many readers will see nothing in this intensely spiritual composition, which has indeed more of the indefinite subtlety of music than of the definiteness of plastic art. It is the natural growth, rather than the creation, of a mind steeped in mystic fervour, feeble as a tale, exquisite as a prose poem, and expressed in a consummately beautiful style. "A Family Affair," Mr. Hugh Conway's new story, displays the reverse qualities, being very well constructed, very entertaining, and so far devoid of any special significance. It does credit to the writer's versatility, bearing hardly any resemblance to his former stories. The other contributions are of little account.

"John Cann's Treasure" is a fair specimen of the exciting stories of which we now expect to find at least one in every number of the *Cornhill*. It is very well written, but fails to thrill. Mr. Payn's "Talk of the Town" continues to be lively and entertaining, without as yet arousing any very serious interest. "The Sanatorium of the Southern Ocean" describes the hot springs of the northern island of New Zealand, a phenomenon in its way unequalled in the world, and expected to prove of the greatest medicinal value.

The principal article in *Macmillan* is the admirable in memoriam sketch of the late Mark Pattison, by Mr. J. C. Morison, dwelling chiefly on a single side of his activity as an academical reformer, but displaying the fullest sympathy with his refined and attractive character. "Steam, the Tyrant," is a valuable paper, suggesting how the excessive concentration of industrial labour in towns may be counteracted by the employment of electricity as a motive force, which could be generated by water power, so that the brook might again turn the mill as in ancient days. "Notes in the Canton de Vaud" contain useful particulars of the land system of the community, and other social matters.

*Blackwood* opens with another Shakspearean study by Lady Martin; the subject this time being Rosalind, and the more interesting as being one of the eminent tragedian's favourite and most successful parts. The "Waters of Hercules" is a good novel in itself, and especially so as depicting one of the least-known districts of Eastern Europe. "The Soudan and Abyssinia" contains exceedingly picturesque descriptions of adventures near the Abyssinian frontier. "The Last Words of Joseph Barrable" is a clever satire on well-meaning but inconsiderate philanthropy.

*Longman's* has the exciting continuation of Mr. Clark Russell's nautical romance; Mr. Froude's bright but discursive account of his Norwegian tour; and a pathetic tale by Mr. W. Norris.

The writer who in the *Fortnightly Review* discusses the question whether England is a great European Power answers in effect that she is, and will continue so long as she is willing to submit to the sacrifices entailed upon her by the position; and that she cannot cease to be a great Power in Europe without ceasing to be a great Power anywhere. Mr. W. S. Blunt is much too prone to take Indian natives at their own valuation; but his "Ideas about India" contain important and painful evidence of the growing alienation between the races from the thoughtless and stupid arrogance of too many Englishmen. This is by far the most serious of the dangers which beset our Indian empire. The Rev. G. R. Gleig contributes some interesting notes on the late Duke of Wellington, a man who seems to have only wanted his father's self-sacrificing devotion to duty to have done the State considerable service. But he does not seem to have thought that his great hereditary position imposed any further duty upon him than a conscientious discharge of such obligations as he could not escape. There is nothing else remarkable, except the continuation of George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways."

The *Nineteenth Century* has several papers of practical but none of commanding interest. We wish Mr. Swinburne would take to himself some of his own excellent admonitions touching intemperance in language, delivered in an essay on Charles Reade, who cannot now be the better for them. "Progress and Wages," a paper on co-operation by a working man, is most excellent and sensible; and nearly the same may be said of Lady Milnes Gaskell's picture of a model farm; of Mr. Dunster's advice to farmers on market gardening; and of Mr. Lionel Ashburner's defence of the Indian revenue system. It would be better for Ireland if Miss Charlotte O'Brien's attacks on the English Government for "systematically expatriating" her countrymen were well founded; but, in fact, the opposition of the Irish members has prevented anything being done. The reverse cause probably prevented Lord Beaconsfield from anticipating Mr. Gladstone as an Irish land reformer, as Sir John Pope Hennessy shows he at one time seemed very likely to do. The enlightened views expressed by him in 1852, when Irish votes were in the market, remained in abeyance when Irish members definitely cast in their lot with the Liberal party.

The *Contemporary Review* has little of remarkable interest except the continuation of Professor Seeley's important essay on Goethe and M. Taine's protest against the schemes of modern Socialists. The former essay is eminently sound, but not distinguished by originality; the energy of the latter seems somewhat impaired by the translation. Sir John Lubbock's plea for a national school of forestry, and Mr. Coxwell's essay on aeronautics are useful and interesting; and Mr. Freeman discusses the reform of the House of Lords without arriving at any definite conclusion.

Lord Salisbury's article on redistribution in the *National Review* bristles with statistics, and will find ample employment for the political press. Mr. Keble's notice of Pitt and Signor Gallenga's paper on Italian social life are the most interesting of the other contributions.

The *Century* has an excellent sketch of the oddities and humours of the civil war, on both sides; a valuable study of American society before the Independence, with illustrations taken from old mansions of the colonial epoch; a critical article on Austin Dobson, with a portrait; and the conclusion of "Dr. Sevier." The most interesting thing in *Harper's* is a portrait of Darwin, apparently ten or twelve years earlier than any of those hitherto engraved, and thus giving an idea of his appearance in middle life. It illustrates a paper of personal recollections, containing an explicit statement from his own lips of the extent of his obligations to Sir Charles Lyell. The *Atlantic Monthly* has an exceedingly pretty poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with other interesting matter.

*Temple Bar* has the continuation of "A Perilous Secret," a biography of Lady Hamilton, a criticism on Emerson, and some very sound observations of the late Barry Cornwall's on "The Reading of Books," contributed by his widow. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a picturesque sketch of Morocco and Tunis, as seen on the way home, by Mrs. Lynn Linton; and an entertaining discussion of so uninviting a subject as cannibalism, by Mr. A. S. Johnston. "Philistia," the serial tale, has a fine stroke of conscious or unconscious humour in the situation of the newspaper leader-writer, who is equally afflicted at being made to advocate an India frontier war and forbidden to apologise for the murderers of the Emperor of Russia.

The *Art Journal* maintains its high position, and though, in these days of cheapness, it may seem high priced, the purchaser always gets the full value of his money in the shape of etchings and engravings. Mr. Chattock's first-rate etching, "On the Medway," is alone worth the price of the number.

The *Magazine of Art*, beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated, is always attractive, and this month the editor has been singularly happy in the selection of his materials. The article on Old London Taverns deals with a subject of great interest, and that on Old English Painters is not less tempting. The other principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—The Quiver, Cassell's Family Magazine, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, and Picturesque America.

*Belgravia* has some amusing stories, and a pleasant account of the ambitious fancies and wild speculations of Balzac. Miss Alice King's "Exmoor and its People" and Miss Zimmern's "Visit to Mary Cowden Clarke" relieve the excess of fiction in the *Argosy*. The *Red Dragon* is very creditable to the literary enterprise of the Principality, and *For's Sporting Notes*, a new venture, seems well adapted to its special public.

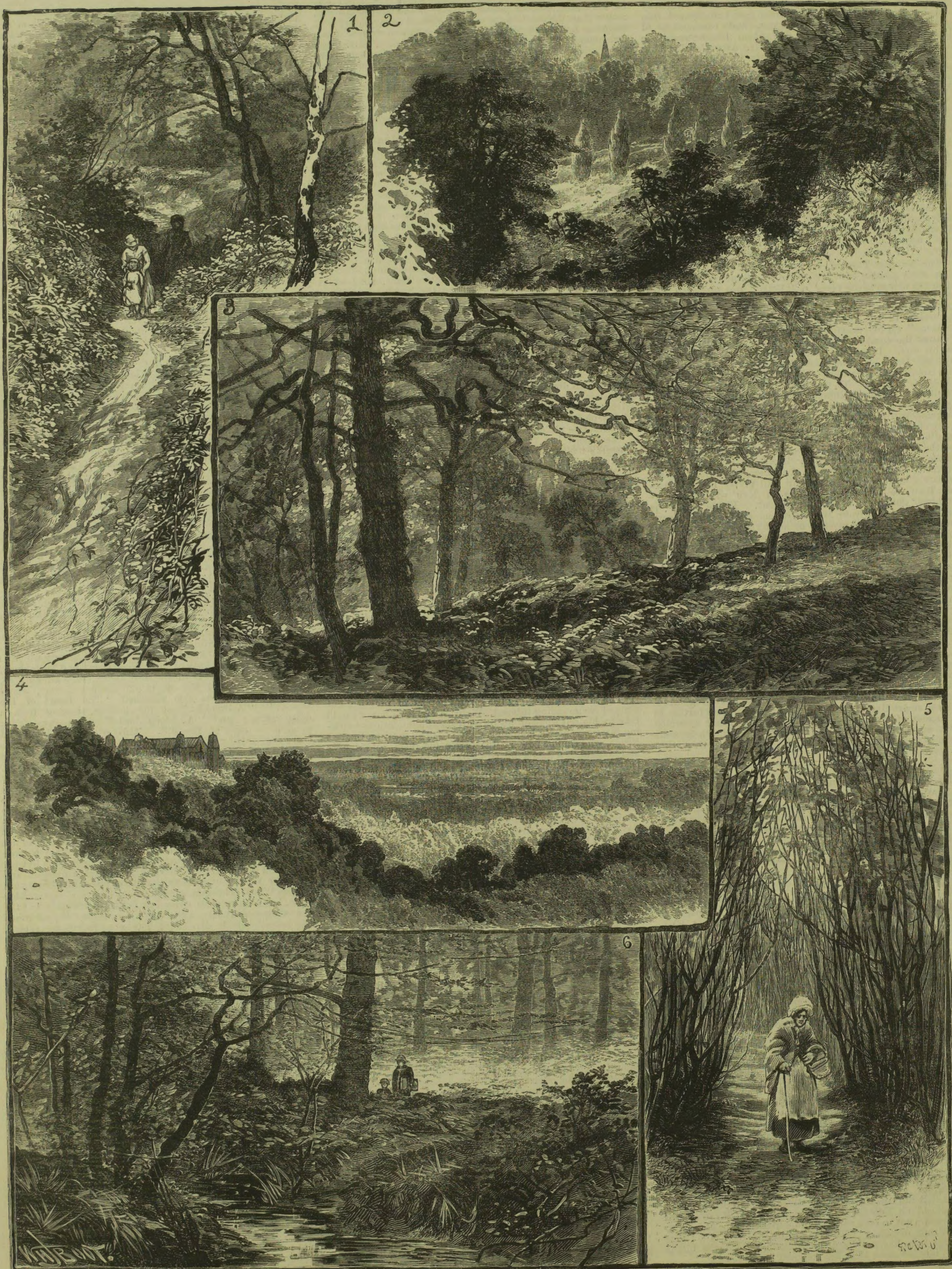
Among Fashion Books received are—Le Follet, the Season, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.

We have also received London Society, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, St. Nicholas, Aunt Judy, the Army and Navy Magazine, the United Service Magazine, Merry England, Eastward Ho, The Scottish Church Review, The Month, Outing, and the Antiquarian Magazine.

## THE HIGHGATE WOODS.

Close to the Highgate railway station in the Archway-road, opposite the lower end of Southwood-lane, which descends half a mile from the High-street of Highgate, and which is reached by the Cable Tramway, is one of the most inviting pieces of rustic woodland to be found in the Home Counties. Standing in the main road above the station, and looking east-north-east, the view is down a widening valley, with Shepherd's-cot-hill to the right, and Muswell-hill to the left, not surpassed in beauty anywhere near London. On the one hand, the charming lawns and shrubberies of an extensive private pleasure-ground, attached to "the Priory," slope down to a piece of water near the railway; beyond this, a green hill extending to Hornsey shuts out the sight of town and suburban buildings. On the other side of the valley, along Muswell-hill-road, the steep face of the north hill is entirely clothed, from top to bottom, with a dense growth of trees and underwood, at least equal, in the purity of its sylvan aspect, to any part of Epping Forest. This portion of the Highgate Woods, distant about five miles from the centre of the City of London, is quite as accessible as Hampstead-heath, but is much less familiar to strollers in quest of the pleasant scenes of rural nature. "Churchyard Bottom Wood," containing fifty-five acres, is divided from the "Gravel-pit Wood" by Muswell-hill-road, which runs due north of Highgate. The first-mentioned wood is traversed by a public footpath, which is entered from Wood-lane, a short road with about a dozen small villa houses, and which issues, at the eastern boundary of the wood, on an open field-path leading to the south of the Alexandra Palace, near the cottage where Moore resided when he wrote "Lalla Rookh." Our Artist, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, of Hampstead, whose delineations of English landscape are highly esteemed, furnishes some truthful and beautiful sketches; among which is that of the eastward outlook, over Wood Green and Tottenham, and the broad meadows of the Lea valley, to Walthamstow, Higham Hill, and the skirts of Epping Forest, about Chingford. He has also sketched "The Heart of the Wood"; "A Brooklet" at the bottom, issuing from a deep ravine; and "A Steep Path," down the almost precipitous side of the hill. This is broken here and there by jutting knolls that command lovely glimpses over the tops of the trees below and the dense tangle of various bushes, hazel, and black birch, with small poplars, ash, alders, hornbeam, and other coppice growth, intermixed with plenty of briars, and with ferns on the lower ground. The western piece of woodland, comprising above sixty acres, covers the space between Muswell-hill-road and the continuation of the Archway-road towards Finchley. It is intersected, as far as Forder's Green, by the Alexandra Palace branch of the Great Northern Railway. This part of the Highgate Woods is not open to the public, being leased to a farmer, who has a large dairy, and who grants his customers special permission to walk here upon some occasions. It is upon higher ground, and lacks the variety of scenery that is enjoyed in Churchyard Bottom Wood. The undergrowth, too, which is of considerable value, has been recently cleared in Gravel-pit Wood; but the trees are generally larger, and there is a pretty "Peep towards Highgate," which Mr. Boot has not failed to sketch. Farther on is a curious avenue of pollard hornbeam, a rare feature of woodland scenery. There is, perhaps, no hope of every remnant of the old woods being saved from the common fate of rural land in the neighbourhood of London, that of becoming mere building-ground. But if some fifty acres on the Churchyard Bottom side, near the "Woodman" and "Gipsy," old-fashioned public-houses well known on that road, could be preserved in their existing condition, with a few additional paths opened through the enticing thicket, London would possess a bit of pleasure-ground unique in its sylvan character, to the delight of all lovers of nature. This question has lately been discussed in the daily papers, since the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, owners of eight hundred or a thousand acres of land, between Hornsey and Ken Wood, Hampstead, formerly belonging to the Bishop of London, are about to obtain immediate possession of the whole, by the surrender of Lord Mansfield's lease (not including the estate of Ken Wood). It has been suggested that they would deal liberally with the Corporation of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, or any committee of subscribers, who might be prepared to offer reasonable terms for the purchase of a part of the Highgate Woods, for the sake of public recreation. No better opportunity, in our judgment, is likely to occur than the present; and there is no piece of ground better worth saving. The cost would not be enormous; but the increased value given to the remaining land, as a site for mansions and villas, by securing the continuance of this woodland retreat in its vicinity, ought to compensate, in some measure, for a concession in the price of the fifty acres. It is expedient to narrow the question to this point; because, while the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are bound, as official trustees of public property, to take care of the main interest, and have no right to give part of it away, they may yet be led to perceive that there will be no real loss in so disposing of Churchyard Bottom Wood, and making better profit of the more extensive lands which they may retain for sale to the builders. We earnestly commend the subject to public consideration, assured it is not one of mere local interest to Highgate alone, but one concerning the whole of London. The Hornsey Local Board, led by their zealous and public-spirited Chairman, Mr. H. R. Williams, have taken up the matter, and further action may now be expected.





1. A steep path. 2. A peep towards Highgate. 3. The heart of the wood. 4. Looking East. 5. Hornbeam Avenue. 6. A brooklet.

SKETCHES IN HIGHGATE WOODS.





HIDE AND SEEK.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 7.

Admiral Courbet occupied Kelung on Oct. 1; the Chambers meet on Oct. 14; within the next seven days we may expect another great victory, real or imaginary, which M. Jules Ferry will announce with satisfaction to his docile majority, and once more all will be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Meantime, it has been discovered that that heathen Chinese Li-Hung-Tchang has been tampering with the treaty relative to the evacuation of Tonquin by the Chinese troops, and changing the dates and text with premeditation and intent to deceive. One sometimes feels inclined to characterize the whole Franco-Chinese affair as grotesque.

Grotesque, too, is the so-called Poubelle question, which has been occupying attention for some weeks past. M. Poubelle, Prefect of the Seine, has received notice from the State to quit on Oct. 15 the portion of the Louvre where he has been temporarily lodged, and to take up his quarters in the new Hôtel de Ville, where his predecessors lodged for centuries past. But under the Republic, it appears, the Prefects, all-important functionaries as they are, have lost their prestige. At any rate, the Autonomist majority of the Municipal Council have forbidden the representative of the State to instal himself in the Municipal Palace, and this deliberation having been annulled by a superior decree, the irrepressible Autonomist majority have declared that it will oppose, even by force, M. Poubelle's attempt to enter the palace. The question has been referred to the Conseil d'Etat.

The author of "John Bull and His Island" has published a new volume called "John Bull's Daughters," in which he gives his impressions of Englishwomen of all classes. M. Max O'Rell has already proved that he does not love England or the English; a fact which will not prevent us from reading his volume with amusement. M. O'Rell remarks the uninviting aspect of the aristocracy in Rotten Row. "In the carriages," he says, "you see scarcely any but disagreeable and stupid faces, loto bulls that cast upon you a dead glance of indifference. They are the faces of boa constrictors in course of accomplishing the process of digestion. No smiles, no pleasant signals of recognition from carriage to carriage; it is Madame Tussaud's museum out for a drive. A solemn and stupid procession." The prettiest of John Bull's daughters, according to M. O'Rell, are the shop-girls and the barmaids. These he calls *le bel article féminin Anglais*. M. O'Rell's book is bright and interesting, and he renders a warm tribute of admiration to the real virtues of the English woman and of English home life.

The second centenary of Corneille was celebrated last Wednesday in the usual manner at the State theatres of the Comédie-Française and the Odéon, and in an extraordinary manner by the celebration of a mass for the repose of Corneille's soul at the Church of St. Roch, where he is buried. The Academicians, the actors and actresses of the Comédie-Française, and a number of artistic and literary celebrities, were present at the ceremony, which, by-the-way, has not given universal satisfaction. The religious papers say it was sacrilege, and fall foul of the Curé of St. Roch, who conceived the idea of making religion do honour to letters; the free-thinking journals, on the other hand, say that the comedians of the "Maison de Molière," as the Comédie-Française is traditionally called, had no right to enter a church, in their official capacity, until the church had repaired its wrongs towards Molière, to whom it refused burial, and whom it treated as a miscreant. Next Sunday the centenary of Corneille will be celebrated at his birth-place, Rouen, with fêtes and speeches. On the same day the second centenary of Antoine Watteau will be celebrated at Valenciennes, and a statue of the famous painter unveiled.

The Parliamentary Inquiry Commission is to send a delegation of seven members to study the industrial crisis at Lyons and St. Etienne.—No less than 1800 divorce cases are inscribed for hearing during the coming Session.—The Government has signed with a group of financiers the concession of the Paris Metropolitan Railway. The line will run from Pateaux to Reuilly, through the centre of Paris, communicated with the Northern, Eastern, and Lyons Railways. In the centre of Paris, under the Boulevards de Strasbourg, de Sebastopol, de Batignolles, de Clichy, Rue Auber, &c., the railway will be underground. The line will be over twenty-three kilometres long, and will cost about 116,000,000*fr.* The capital will be 50,000,000*fr.* in 500*fr.* shares. When the revenue exceeds 7 per cent, the State will take half the surplus. It is expected that the Metropolitan Railway, on the right bank of the Seine, which is alone projected at present, will be ready in time for the Universal Exhibition in 1889. T. C.

The Session of the Dutch States-General terminates to-day (Saturday), when both Chambers are to be dissolved. It is stated that the elections to the Second Chamber will take place on the 28th inst., and those to the First Chamber on the 5th prox.; the new Parliament being opened on Nov. 17.

Sir Edward Malet had an audience of the King of the Belgians on Monday, and presented his letters of recall, previous to taking his new post in Berlin.—The distribution of prizes to the successful candidates in the educational competitive examination took place on Sunday in the Palais des Académies, under the presidency of the Minister of Public Instruction. The King and Queen, who were present at the ceremony, were received with cheers by the crowd, but there was some slight hooting.

The German Emperor has presented to Prince Bismarck a copy in bronze of the Niederwald monument. Prince William, who has for the past week been the guest of the Austrian Emperor, has been very successful in the chamois hunts in the Styrian Alps. Out of the total bag of sixty, ten are set down to Prince William's rifle. The Austrian Crown Prince and Crown Princess will accompany him on his return to Germany, and will probably go direct to Potsdam.

Last Saturday being the fête-day of the Emperor of Austria, there was High Mass in the Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna, at which the Ministers and higher civil and military functionaries were present.—M. Makart, the well-known painter, died at Vienna of brain fever, on the 3rd inst.

The Royal Palace of Christiansborg, Copenhagen, was completely destroyed by fire on the 3rd inst., many of the adjoining buildings, including the chambers of the Rigsdag, being seriously injured.—King Christian IX. opened the Danish Rigsdag on Monday. The ceremony was performed in the Grand Hall of the University of Copenhagen. His Majesty, in his speech, urged Parliament to secure the independence of the country by passing the measures necessary for its defence. His Majesty referred to the destruction of the Christiansborg Palace, and was deeply moved. The two Chambers afterwards adjourned to Nov. 3.

A violent hurricane has occurred in Iceland, causing great destruction of property and shipping and loss of life.

The keel of the new ironclad Katharina II. was laid last Saturday at Nicolaieff, in the presence of the Grand Duke Alexis. The foundation-stone of the first dry dock in South

Russia was laid on Monday at Sebastopol, in the presence of the Grand Duke Alexis. On Tuesday, at Sebastopol, was laid, in the presence of the Grand Duke Alexis, the keels of the two armour-plated vessels Tellesme and Sinope. These vessels will form additions to the Russian Imperial Black Sea Fleet.

Fresh discoveries of gold-fields are reported on the Russian-Chinese frontier of the Amoor, twelve miles from the frontier on the Chinese side; and the Russians, who have complained so much of the invasion of their own side by the Chinese, are now swarming over to the new Chinese El Dorado.

The revenue returns of New South Wales for the quarter ending Sept. 30 show an increase of £190,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year.—While the Duke of Manchester was recently travelling in the north of Queensland, his party were attacked by a number of aborigines, and several of them were killed. His Grace had a narrow escape.

According to a telegram from Calcutta, the soldiery at Mandalay, in suppressing the riot at the jail, killed 430 of the prisoners as they were attempting to escape.—By a collision on the Eastern Bengal Railway sixty passengers are reported to have been killed or injured.

## THE RECESS.

The Prime Minister held the first of the autumn Cabinet Councils on Tuesday; and has issued the customary circular to Ministerial members inviting them to be present on the opening day of the Session, the 23rd of October. Whilst Mr. Gladstone significantly informed his supporters that "it is intended to proceed at the earliest moment with important and pressing business," Earl Granville, in the formal letter he wrote to the Liberal Lords, considerably said, "Your Lordships' presence will be specially important when the Franchise Bill is brought to the House of Lords." In the meantime, the engrossing affairs of Egypt and of South Africa are occupying the close attention of Ministers in Council.

The Marquis of Salisbury's most effective address by far in Glasgow was that which the noble Lord delivered with characteristic force and incisiveness yesterday week in St. Andrew's Hall. This was a most able and well-reasoned reply to the second and most important speech Mr. Gladstone made in Edinburgh. It tersely justified the action of the House of Lords in declining to pass the Franchise Bill unaccompanied by the measure of Redistribution. It traversed the whole foreign policy of the Government, and openly challenged the course followed in South Africa and in Egypt. With especial force and "grip" did Lord Salisbury deliver the following sweeping retort against the Premier:—

What I ask you, again, is to turn to these words—

"The children born of thee are fire and sword,  
Red ruin, and the reaking up of laws."

that were addressed to the Government of Lord Beaconsfield by the Government of Mr. Gladstone (Laughter). "Red ruin"—look at the bombardment of Alexandria (Cheers). "Breaking up of laws,"—all Europe protesting against you for a breach of international law. The "fire and sword" are those 6000 Arabs slaughtered for merely, as Mr. Gladstone said, opposing, in the instincts of what they believed to be patriotism, their naked bodies to the power of the inventions of modern firearms (Cheers). I defy him to show anything in the Government of Lord Beaconsfield which will at all approach for lawlessness, or for the misery it has created, the red ruin and breaking up of laws, or infliction of fire and sword, which has been the result of his own moral maxim, of his own procrastination, and his fear (Cheers).

The Conservative Party had again reason to plume itself upon the dashing speech of Lord Randolph Churchill on the same date at the large Conservative meeting in the Liberal city of Leeds. With characteristic boldness did his Lordship grasp the nettle of the present political situation, maintaining that were a Conservative Government now in power, both Franchise and Redistribution would be dealt with by them as drastically as the late Lord Beaconsfield grappled with the Household Franchise in 1867. But on this point Lord Randolph may have reckoned without his present Leader, who differed so greatly from Mr. Disraeli on this reform, it will be remembered, that he resigned his seat in the Cabinet rather than be associated with the change. It may here be mentioned that Sir Richard Cross addressed his constituents at Atherton on the 3rd inst., and that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach aired his eloquence at Bristol on Tuesday. But neither ex-Minister threw fresh light on the situation.

The Liberal demonstrations in favour of the Franchise Bill and against the majority of the House of Lords continue to be large and numerous. But the iteration has grown wearisome. The Marquis of Hartington, addressing a vast meeting last Saturday at Rawtenstall, opened the door for conciliation when he intimated that the Ministry might be prepared to explain their Redistribution Bill if the Franchise measure should be accepted in the Lords. Mr. Forster, at the enormous gathering the same afternoon at Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, strongly supported the Government, whose most advanced champion, Mr. Chamberlain, met with a hearty reception at Stoke on Monday, and on Tuesday took up a resolute "no-surrender" attitude against the Lords.

## HIDE AND SEEK.

The playful humour of a little girl is apt to find especial delight in hiding from pursuit, and this sport may be practised with the cat or dog, as well as with a human companion. Behind the haystack, for at least five minutes, the farmer's merry young daughter attempts with partial success to elude the eager quest of her canine favourite, who is probably quite aware that it is all in fun. He is out with Nancy every day, and there is no end to their tricks upon each other. She has a private understanding with Snap about most affairs of family life, and tells him every secret of her innocent heart. The dog, for his part, looks up to this child as the wisest and best of human beings, and thinks her immensely superior to his master, who never speaks to him but in a severely imperative tone. Nancy prefers to be loved and willingly followed; she is good-natured, affectionate, and sympathetic; the relations between her and Snap are pleasant to both. It is good to see them at play together; every child in the world, in country or in town, should have a chance of learning simple kindness from some grateful animal, for this helps to form an amiable temper which will keep its sweetness in domestic and social life.

Sir George Meyrick, Bart., has given his Anglesey tenantry an abatement of 5 per cent on this year's rentals.

Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P., laid the foundation-stone of the new Townhall at Eastbourne on Thursday.

The annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain was opened to the public on Monday in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Rev. William Walter Merry, M.A., Public Orator of the University, has been elected to succeed the late Mr. Mark Pattison as Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Nottingham Castle Museum has received a valuable addition to its art treasures. Mr. Felix Joseph has sent on loan the remaining portion of his well-known collection of old Wedgwood ware, and the collection in its entirety now occupies five large glass cases in the principal Loan Court.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Oct. 8.

Money is rising in value, and though it is still only 2 per cent for discounts and depositors are getting but 1 per cent, it seems not unlikely that we shall soon see an advance in the Bank rate to 2½ or 3 per cent, and a corresponding improvement in the interest allowed to depositors. But without waiting for relief in that quarter, those who have money seem to be going to the Stock Exchange and there making selections of safe securities, almost regardless of price. Colonial Government issues are exciting most notice, more particularly the 3½ per cent bonds of Canada and New South Wales. A good security, 3½ per cent interest, and a rising price as maturity approaches, are conditions not easily found as the market now stands, more particularly now that the British Threes are being interfered with. As to converting the Threes into the lower interest stocks, the banks have come to an understanding that they will not at present do so. Some think that this decision will be fatal to Mr. Childers's plans; but that is, perhaps, too much to hope. The interest taken in other departments is mainly speculative. In railways, for example, the principal Scotch stocks are flat upon the course of certain accounts, while Brighton stocks have responded to the large increase shown in this week's traffic statement. United States and Canadian railways have been favourably affected by the reported agreement as to the "pool"; but the information as to what are the conditions is very vague, and on some points it is conflicting.

A good beginning has been made towards establishing an association for the protection of English holders of American securities. At the meeting held for the purpose, a provisional committee was appointed to work out the plans of such an association. The proposal received the heartiest support of the Stock Exchange, and, so assisted, it is nearly sure to succeed; but it is understood to be the wish of the members who have identified themselves with the effort that the management of the association shall be entirely independent of the Stock Exchange. This is a good sign. It was pointed out at the meeting, and it is of course within everyone's experience, that English holders of American railroad shares are practically powerless, because they do not register their shares. It is proposed that the new association shall have such shares deposited with them for registration; but it should not be overlooked that holders have hitherto avoided the time and risk involved in sending shares to America for registration, and that "the market," in a very notable case, is now refusing to deal in shares registered in London, because of the transfer formalities involved on selling or borrowing on them. In some way the New York Central agents avoid all that is objectionable, and unless the new association can do so, registered stock must be less marketable than stock which changes hands at will.

It appears that the Colonial loans so far placed here this year amount to just under twenty-two millions sterling. In the whole of 1883 the total was £24,167,000, and, as there are nearly three more months to run of this year, 1884 may well show a gain on its predecessor. Until recently the rate was seven and eight millions a year. Moreover, the interest paid has generally declined ½ and 1 per cent, in the face of the much larger sums obtained.

In regard to the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway partly-paid shares, it has been contended by more than one correspondent that distinct assurances were made to the holders of such shares that the unpaid capital would be called up, but the secretary of the company formally denies that any such promise was ever made. T. S.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

The Newmarket Second October Meeting began somewhat tamely, though the Cesarewitch this year promised to prove such a very interesting race that the town was fairly full of visitors. The easy victory of Tombola (6 st. 10 lb.) in the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap drew renewed attention to the claims of Stockholm for the big race, and the only other interesting event on Monday was the Clearwell Stakes, for which there were nine runners. At first, odds were laid against Langwell, who was said to have been amiss since his success in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but, as none of his opponents were supported with any freedom, he was eventually backed against the field. Even inside the distance the Duke of Portland's colt appeared to have any amount in hand, but he tired very much in the last hundred yards, and only scrambled home a neck in front of Goldsmith. The latter is an own brother to Goldfield, and cost—if our memory serves—2550 guineas as a yearling. He is a big overgrown colt, but has fine racing points, and is still so backward that there is every chance of his training into a first-class performer.

St. Gatien's (8 st. 10 lb.) hollow victory in the Cesarewitch, under an unprecedented weight, is one more proof that a race-horse is never so good as in the autumn of his three-year-old season. This view is further strengthened by the fact of Archiduc (8 st. 5 lb.) finishing a good third, another fine performance, and one that finally disposes of the doubts that were cast on the stamina of the French colt. Florence (9 st. 2 lb.) also did wonderfully well under her big weight, and Mr. Hammond—who is reported to have won £40,000 on the race—is indeed a "favourite of fortune" to have such a filly as this, and a colt like St. Gatien, in his very small stud. Thus St. Gatien still retains an unbeaten certificate, and if only he and St. Simon—another that has not known defeat—could be brought together, we should have a race that ought to draw every lover of sport in the kingdom to see it.

Public performances and private trials were well represented in the Middle Park Plate on Wednesday by Melton and Cora on the one hand, and Xaintrailles and the Casuistry colt on the other, and, though the fight was a good one, the public performers had the better of it. Since his victory in the New Stakes at Ascot, Melton has been amiss, or he would not have been allowed to start at 10 to 1, for the recent victories of Macheath and Busyboddy have shown us that the old theory that no horse can win this race with the full penalty is altogether untenable. Having regard to the heavy weight he was carrying, Archer lay off with Melton until they ascended the hill for home, when he began to draw up, and finally defeated the "dark" Xaintrailles rather cleverly by half a length, Royal Hampton and the Casuistry colt running a dead-heat for third place. Royal Hampton thus completely reversed his Doncaster form with Langwell, and neither Cora nor Lonely showed to much advantage.

On Tuesday morning "Mr. Manton's" long-threatened sale took place, and proved more of a weeding-out than a genuine disposal of his stud. Such heavy reserves were placed on all the cracks that they returned to their old quarters, with the exception of St. Honorat, an own brother to Thebais, St. Marguerite, and Clairvaux, for whom Captain Machell gave 4000 guineas. Kinfauns went to Sir George Chetwynd for 1000 guineas; but perhaps the bargains of the sale were Prince William (610 guineas) and Lovely (650 guineas).

A show of hardy fruits was opened at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, the exhibition continuing till Saturday.



## OBITUARY.

The delegates to the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Wolverhampton having concluded their business, went on excursions on Thursday week. They visited the works of the Staffordshire Steel Ingot Company, and then proceeded to the seat of the Earl of Dudley, where they visited the limestone caverns, the ruins, &c., and were entertained to luncheon. A ball, given by the Chamber of Wolverhampton, formed a fitting conclusion to the day.





THE NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL.





1. Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh receiving Address from the Mayor.  
2. Mayor's daughter presenting a bouquet to the Duchess.  
3. Passing along the platform to the Station Hotel.

4. Arrival at the Infirmary.  
5. Her Royal Highness laying foundation-stone of Out-Patients' Wing.  
6. Luncheon in Townhall: Duke of Edinburgh returning thanks.

7. Passing through Whitefriar-gate to the Docks.  
8. Royal and Civic party on board the Mazeppa, in the harbor.

#### THE ROYAL VISIT TO HULL.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, on Wednesday week, visited the town of Hull, to lay the foundation-stone of a new wing of the Infirmary for the Out-Patients' Department, and to open a bazaar in aid of the Hull Seamen's Orphan Asylum and Schools. Their Royal Highnesses, on arriving from Brantinghamthorpe, the seat of Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., were met at the North-Eastern Railway station by the Mayor of Hull, Dr. A. K. Rolit, with Mrs. Rolit and their infant daughter, and by the Sheriff, Aldermen, and other members and officers of the Corporation. The Mayor presented an address of welcome, and so did the Warden of the Hull Trinity House and the Chairman of a joint Committee of the Friendly and Trade Societies. Little Miss Rolit gave the Duchess a bouquet of flowers. Their Royal Highnesses went in the Mayor's carriage to the Infirmary, with an escort of the Yorkshire Hussars, commanded by Lord Lascelles. They were received by Mr. Henry Simpson, Chairman of the Board of Management of the

Hull General Infirmary, who presented an address, to which the Duke replied. Two foundation-stones of the new building were laid upon this occasion, the first by the Duke of Edinburgh, the second by her Royal and Imperial Highness, who seemed much amused to find herself at this work, but used the level, square, and mallet in the proper way. The Duke and Duchess went through the wards, and spoke kindly to many of the patients, amongst whom were two Russian sailors. They next went to open the bazaar of the Orphan Asylum, in a drill-shed at the Artillery Barracks. Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., chairman of the managers, received them here, and the proceedings were of much interest. The Mayor and Mayoress entertained their Royal Highnesses, with a party of 150 ladies and gentlemen, at luncheon in the Townhall; after which they drove to Whitefriar-gate, and embarked on board the steam-yacht Mazeppa, belonging to Mr. W. S. Bailey. In this vessel they passed through the

Prince's Dock, viewing the ships, and up the river, to the Albert Dock, where they disembarked and entered a special train of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, by which they were conveyed to London.

The annual ceremony of crowning the Rose Queen, in connection with St. Austin's Mission, New Kent-road, was observed last Saturday at Epping Forest. The "Queen" is annually chosen by the members of Father Nugée's congregation, it being understood that the selected one has proved during the previous twelvemonth to be the most conspicuous for the possession of those virtues which go to adorn girlhood. This year's selection is a young girl named Alice Hicks, aged sixteen years. Her "majesty" was attended by twelve "maids of honour," besides six little girls, all dressed in becoming apparel.



## THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice and Princess Christian attended Divine service in Crathie parish church on Sunday. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family were also present. The Rev. Peter McKenzie, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly, officiated. The Dean of Windsor dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty drove to Braemar on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse; and the journey was continued to the Linn of Dee and the Quoich, near which the Royal party had tea. Before returning to Braemar the Queen called on Mrs. George Clark, at Allanaquoich House, and stayed there a few minutes. A young man, the son of Mr. Thomson, the superintendent of roads and walks on the estate of Balmoral, died on Friday last, and his remains were interred in the churchyard of Crathie on Monday afternoon. The Queen and Princess Beatrice witnessed the funeral. They sent wreaths to the parents of the deceased. Madame Albani, who is staying at Old Mar Lodge, was invited to Balmoral, and had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family last week.

The Prince of Wales, who is the guest of Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld House, took part on Tuesday in a deer drive, and succeeded in killing two splendid stags. Last week the Prince, Prince Albert Victor, and the guests at Abergeldie enjoyed capital sport in the deer forests of the districts. On Friday thirteen stags fell to the rifles of the sportsmen. The Prince leaves Deeside at the close of this week; the Princess and family remaining at Abergeldie for another fortnight. Prince George of Wales, who arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie, left in the afternoon for the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to resume his studies.

Chatham was en fête last Wednesday on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to launch the monster ironclad ship *Rodney*, built in the dockyard. The Duchess named the ship.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have (according to a telegram from Simla) visited the Khyber Pass, and are now proceeding to Cashmere.

The Duke of Cambridge, having reviewed the cavalry of the Dublin garrison in the Phoenix Park on Thursday week, left for Belfast, where he was enthusiastically received. Yesterday week the Duke of Cambridge drove into Belfast from Belvoir Park, the residence of Sir Thomas Bateson, M.P., and inspected the garrison. Afterwards his Royal Highness inspected the military barracks, North Queen-street, and then went to the offices of the Belfast Water Commissioners, where he was presented with an address. The Duke and a numerous party then partook of luncheon with the Mayor at the Town-hall, and next visited the York-street mill and iron shipbuilding works of Harland and Wolff. Last Saturday afternoon the Duke left Belvoir Park for Dublin, accompanied by the officers of his staff and Sir Thomas Steele, commander of the forces in Ireland. The Duke of Cambridge went to Cork on Monday. He was accompanied by Earl Spencer, Sir Thomas Steele, K.C.B., and a staff of officers. At Cork he was received by the Mayor, General Young, his staff, and a guard of honour. His Royal Highness reviewed the troops of Cork garrison and cavalry from Ballincollig. The brilliant display was witnessed by thousands of citizens. On Tuesday the Duke visited Cork harbour, forts, and fortifications, and was entertained at luncheon on board the steamer *City of Cork* by Sir George Penrose, the High Sheriff. The Duke left Cork for England on Wednesday morning. He was cheered by a large crowd on his departure.

The Empress Eugénie arrived at Dover from Paris yesterday week, and left by boat express-train per South-Eastern Railway for Waterloo, en route for Farnborough.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd inst., at noon, the marriage of Mr. Conyngham Greene, of the Foreign Office, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Greene, with the Lady Lily Stopford, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown, was solemnised in the parish church of Kiltennell, Gorey, county Wexford. Mr. Richard Maxwell, of the Foreign Office, acted as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Maud and Miss Nora Shelley and Miss Mary Bridges (children), nieces of the bride; Miss Elsie Greene, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Evelyn Stopford, cousin of the bride; the Hon. Miss Plunket, cousin of the bridegroom; and Miss Mary Guise. The bridesmaids were dressed in cream nun's veiling, trimmed with braid, and sailor hats to match. Each wore a gold bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's dress was of plain white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and orange-blossoms, and her veil was of Brussels lace. She wore no jewels. The Bishop of Meath and the Rev. Canon Greene, uncles of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. John Smith, Rector of Kiltennell; the bride being given away by her father.

Mr. John Leslie, Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Glaslough, county Monaghan (late M.P. for the county), and Miss Léonie Blanche Jerome, youngest daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York, and sister of Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill, were married at Grace Church, New York, on the 1st inst., by Bishop Potter.

The marriage of the Marquis of Stafford, M.P., eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, with the Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine, eldest daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, is fixed to take place on Monday, the 20th inst.

## THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of York delivered an address in Sheffield on Tuesday night in support of the cause of temperance.

The Hon. Mrs. Warner will lay the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Michael and All Angels', Walthamstow, to-day, when the Bishop of St. Albans will deliver an address.

Yalding parish church has been further enriched by the erection of another painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Miss Warde, as a memorial to a relative.

The living of Longdon, near Tewkesbury, Worcester, of the value of £323 a year, falls to the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster by the death of the Rev. A. Cottrell Lefroy, at the age of seventy-two years.

The Bishop of Ripon has opened and dedicated to St. John the Baptist a new church at Dawgreen, West Yorkshire, erected at a cost of £8000 by Mrs. Hagen, of Crow Nest, near Dewsbury, in memory of her late husband.

The foundation-stone of a new church at Stonefold, Haslingdon, Lancashire, was recently laid by Mr. William Turner, of Manchester, a nephew of Miss Turner, of Carter Place, at whose cost the church will be erected; the site being given by Mr. Worsley-Taylor, of Moreton Hall.

The Bishop of Peterborough presided on Tuesday at the Diocesan Conference in that city, and delivered an address on the work of the Church and its influence on the nation. Dr. Magee referred to the subject of housing the poor, and said it was idle to expect men to lead the lives of Christians when they had the houses of brutes. He, however, deprecated too much State interference, which had a pauperising effect.

The Bishop of Rochester has returned to England after visiting the Bishop of Western New York at Buffalo, the Bishop of Iowa at Davenport, the Bishop of Minnesota at Faribault, the Bishop of Utah at Salt Lake City, Dean Hart at Denver, the Bishop of Pennsylvania at Wilks Barré, and the Rev. Phillips Brooks at Boston. The Bishop also attended, by invitation, the annual convention of the diocese of New York, held in New York city, under the presidency of Assistant-Bishop Potter, Sept. 23 and 24.

At the sitting of the Church Congress at Carlisle on Thursday week, the subjects debated in the morning were parochial missions and social purity. In the afternoon, in the Drill-Hall, there was a discussion on England's religious duties towards Egypt. At the Congress Hall the religious side of elementary education in Church and Board schools was discussed. The morning sitting yesterday week was devoted to a consideration of such aids to holiness as are supplied by the study of the lives of holy men and women, by active self-denying charity, and by worship and holy communion. In the afternoon the subject was the advantages of an Established Church. The proceedings of the congress were brought to a close in the evening by a conversation in the Drill-Hall, to which the members were invited by the Mayor. Votes of thanks were passed to the Bishop of Carlisle, the Mayor, and preachers, readers, and speakers, for the parts they had taken in promoting the success of the congress.—On Saturday night, at the Congress Hall, Carlisle, about 2500 women, many of whom were of the working class, listened to an address, specially adapted to women, in regard to their social relations and domestic duties. It was the first meeting of the kind in connection with a Church Congress.

The autumnal session of the Baptist Union, which takes place at Bradford this week, was opened on Monday evening by the reception of the ministers and delegates in St. George's Hall by the Mayor. There were nearly 1000 delegates present. The proceedings throughout Tuesday were devoted to the consideration of the work of the Baptist Missionary Society. Resolutions were passed approving the action of the committee in extending the operations of the society in China and on the Congo, and pledging the Union to raise additional funds for this purpose. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Landells, of Edinburgh, preached to four thousand persons in St. George's Hall; and in the evening Mr. Isaac Holden, M.P., presided over an enthusiastic missionary meeting in the same hall.

The autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union was begun on Tuesday in the City Temple. The Rev. Joseph Parker gave the inaugural address, the subject of his discourse being "The Larger Ministry." Upwards of 1600 delegates were present. In the evening a crowded meeting of the Congregational Total Abstinence Society was held in Exeter Hall, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., presiding.

A marriage is arranged between his Excellency Sir Edward Malet, K.C.B., the newly-appointed Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, and Lady Ermytrude Russell, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has appointed Mr. Edward Augustus Freeman, M.A., D.C.L., Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, to be Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, in the room of the Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop of Chester, resigned.

Mr. W. E. Forster presided at a soirée held on Tuesday evening in connection with the jubilee celebration of the Mechanics' Institute of Thornton, near Bradford, and dwelt upon the great moral, intellectual, and social improvement which had come over the working population of England since the era of mechanics' institutes.

## MESSRS. SILBER AND FLEMING'S NEW WAREHOUSES.

On page 354 of this week's issue we give an illustration of the new warehouses of Messrs. Silber and Fleming, in Wood-street, Cheapside. It will be remembered that in December, 1882, a conflagration which broke out upon the premises of Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., Limited, was not completely subdued until it had destroyed many of the adjoining houses, including a great portion of Messrs. Silber and Fleming's premises. Taking advantage of the havoc then wrought, the Corporation, with that liberality which happily characterizes their actions, decided to widen this busy thoroughfare, to the extent of about five feet, along the whole line of the conflagration, that is to say from Addle-street to London-wall.

Not to be behind the Corporation in their endeavours to improve the City, Messrs. Silber and Fleming have erected a very handsome structure, which, from an architectural point of view, is probably without an equal in the City of London, so far at least as business premises are concerned. It is built almost entirely of Portland stone supported on red and grey granite pillars; the capital of each pillar consisting of an artistic design in terra-cotta Doulton ware, embossed with the coat of arms of a specific nation; whilst two floors above, and surmounting another pillar, but of the Portland stone, is a finely carved head representative of the nation whose escutcheon is immediately below: America, Australia, France, Germany, indeed most of the nations of the world with whom England has commercial intercourse, are here represented. This large block is practically divided into three buildings, and has two entrances—one in Wood-street and the other in London-wall. One cannot fail to admire the taste which has been exhibited in the internal architecture and adornment of the place.

The second illustration will afford a general view of the spacious chamber represented, which is exceedingly well lighted throughout by means of a very extensive well-hole; and as the entire roof consists of plate-glass, every opportunity is afforded for obtaining the greatest amount of light procurable.

The effect of looking up to the roof through the well-hole from the ground floor is charming, the opening on each floor being closed in either by ebonized cases, fitted with various goods, or by wrought-iron railings of an exquisite design. In this department are displayed sterling silver goods, electroplated ware, jewellery of every possible description, gold jewellery set with pearls and diamonds and other precious stones, fans in great variety, imitation jewellery, watches from the cheapest manufactured to a hundred-guinea chronometer.

In the adjoining departments are to be seen—optical goods, real and imitation bronzes, marble and other clocks, musical boxes, mechanical figures, umbrellas, sticks, whips, &c.; silver, duplex, and other lamps. These form only a small portion of the large and varied assortment of goods manufactured and sold wholesale by this firm.

The annual competition for the golf championship, open to all comers, was played on the 3rd inst. over the Prestwick Links, Ayrshire, and was won by J. Simpson, Elie.

The barque *Palala*, of London, 1030 tons gross, has been wrecked off False Cape, near Simon's Bay, South Africa, and out of the whole crew only three were saved.

It has been decided by the executive of the Scottish Land Restoration League at Glasgow to raise a fund of £1000 to bring over M. Henry George from America for a lecturing tour throughout Scotland.

The prize for Greek elegiacs, open to all undergraduates at Trinity College, Cambridge, has been awarded to Arthur Fenton Hort, scholar of the college. The subject was Milton's "Ode on the Nativity."

About one hundred members of the Stock Exchange met yesterday week, and resolved to establish an English association to protect the interests of holders of American securities in this country.

On Monday evening the session of 1884-5 of the Evening Educational Classes of the Young Men's Christian Association was opened by the Lord Mayor, who distributed the prizes to the successful students.

Mrs. Leonard Courtney, wife of the member for Liskeard, distributed the prizes to the students of the Liskeard School of Science and Art on Monday evening, and Mr. Courtney addressed the students.

Lord Derby presided last Saturday at the opening of the University College, Liverpool, and, in distributing the prizes to the successful students of the medical faculty, delivered an address in which he dealt chiefly with the position and prospects of the institution.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from the United States and Canada during the past week amounted to 1827 cattle, 786 sheep, 8324 quarters of beef, and 414 carcasses of mutton, showing a slight decrease in the imports in comparison with the arrivals of the preceding week.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association opened their ninth annual show on Tuesday at the Agricultural Hall. It is described as an excellent one. There are on exhibition 278 heifers and cows, 60 bulls, 122 goats, more than 3000 head of poultry, and 40 pens of pigs. The Queen is represented in several of the cattle and pig classes. Two prizes were awarded to her Majesty.

## JAY'S, REGENT-STREET.

## CRÈPE IMPÉRIAL.

NEW MATERIAL FOR MOURNING WEAR.  
"MESSRS. JAY, of Regent-street, London, have secured a novel manufacture for black. It is all wool, and yet looks exactly like crêpe, as it has the crinkled or crimped surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is solid and most durable, being free from the elasticity of the more perishable silk crêpe which it so closely resembles, and yet it is glossy. It appears under the name of "Crêpe Impérial," and is made up effectively into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not compulsory to trim with crêpe. The firm should be congratulated on introducing a fabric which will answer for the deepest mourning dress, and will wear as long as the mourner elects to use it."—Extract from "The Queen" newspaper.

MOURNING FOR FAMILIES.  
MESSRS. JAY'S Experienced DRESSMAKERS and MILLINERS travel to any part of the kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them dresses and millinery, besides patterns of materials, at 1s. per yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the warehouse in Regent-street. Reasonable estimates are also given for Household Mourning at a great saving to large or small families. Funerals at stated charges conducted in London or country.  
JAY'S,  
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,  
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Tariff and Boarding Terms of the Proprietor,  
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AUTUMN and WINTER DRESS FABRICS,  
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Cheviot Tweeds, 6½d. and 8½d. per yard.  
Scotch Velour Cloths, 8½d. per yard.  
Seiges, in every variety, 6½d. to 1s. 6½d. per yard.  
All-Wool Velour Cloths, 1s. 4½d. per yard.  
Velvet Broché Serges and Cashmeres in choice tints.  
Snow-Flake Beige, a new and choice fabric, 13½d. per yard.  
A New Costume Cloth, in beautiful colourings, 1s. 4½d. per yard.  
New Ottoman Stripe, 1s. 6½d. per yard.  
Measured Ottomans and Checks, 1s. 11½d. per yard.  
Exhibition Cloth, Cashmeres, and Winter Nun's Cloth in a variety of fancy designs.  
French Merinos and Cashmeres, in the new and fashionable colourings, from 1s. 11½d. per yard.

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Patterns free.

EVENING DRESSES.  
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If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case the White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

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Then, for a moment, she started—just one moment, and no more.

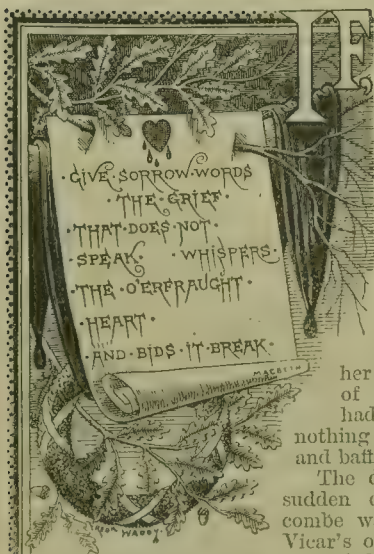
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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### VIGIL.



For a few short hours, Francis Carew was the happiest man in Devon, it is far easier to decide who was the unhappiest girl in England. No doubt some few thousands would have said "It is I"—but, though Mabel Openshaw would assuredly have been among the chorus, it was not she. It was Nance Derrick—loving a man who scorned her and who loved another; compelled in her turn to think the worst of the man to whom she had given her heart; with nothing to live for but vengeance, and baffled even there.

The day after the Squire's sudden departure from Horncombe was that when, by the Vicar's orders, her father was to be buried in Stoke Juliot church-

yard. Nature seldom, or ever, adapts her caprices to our humours—she thinks nothing of weeping over a wedding and laughing over a burial: and, on this autumn morning, she put on one of her broadest smiles. And yet may she be more sympathetic than we know: weddings are not always the thresholds of joy, nor funerals, we are bidden to believe, of sorrow.

The spectators were many, for Stoke Juliot seldom went a-fishing by the light of the sun: the mourners were few, for the dead man had few friends. Nor only so—it was the full

belief of the place that he had died in setting to work that infernal machine, the Law. A keeper killed by a poacher—it was nearly as much in the eternal fitness of things as a revenue officer shot down by a free-trader. Mr. Davies was not there: and if he had been it is questionable in what plight he would have come away, for Cowcumber Jack was the mythical hero of the hour. Squire Carew did not follow his servant to the grave: and nobody blamed him, though not in the least knowing why. Miss Openshaw had no liking for gloomy scenes, and, had she not the excuse of her creed, would doubtless have found a better. In short, there was no mourner but Nance: and her heart was too chill and heavy to let her shed a tear. The glory of the day shone upon the saddest burying that ever was seen.

Nor did the performance of these last rites by the Vicar comfort her by its solemnity, or lift her heavy thoughts from the poor passions of earth—how poor both at their worst and at their best!—to the world whence the sun shone. Parson Pengold, all slovenly and awry, and fresh from a preliminary horn, was late as usual, and kept even a corpse waiting for him in the lych-gate for a good half-hour. How he went through the order for the burial of the dead at a bellowing gallop may not here be told. Nance stood bowed beside the grave: and followed out her own thoughts, even with "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts" thundering at her outer ears. She was as little conscious of all the words of comfort and hope as of the blue sky of St. Martin's summer, or of the surge of the broad green sea below: and of these as little as of the curious, sullen, and unsympathising crowd. She was thinking only of how her father and one friend had been foully struck down in the midst of life: of how the master she above all trusted and worshipped was in league with murder: how the priest and magistrate had driven her from his doors when she came to ask for justice: how even a woman, a woman like herself, had listened to her harshly and coldly, and had refused to speak one word that should avenge the dead and save the living.

"O Death, where is thy sting?" bellowed Parson Pengold. "O Grave, where is thy victory?"

And Nance Derrick's heart responded, though not in words—

"At the hands of every man's brother will I require the life of man. . . . Though none will help me, till the man who did this thing is dead, I will not die. Though he escape all else, and though the earth, and the seas, and the skies befriend him and hide him, he shall not escape me. I will pursue him wherever he goes, even to the ends of the world. With his own curse he shall be cursed: and all they who are not with me this day."

If ever there was a witch, Nance Derrick was one now. For of all the ways to witchcraft, none is so swift or so straight as to utter a curse by a dead man's grave: and that while the Church is speaking her holiest words. Something must have spoken in her eyes, as well as in her heart: for the Parson, having thrown the benediction at his congregation as if it were a stone, hurried off without a word to the mourner. Nance stood in silence and watched the clerk, helped by a more able-bodied volunteer, fill the grave. She did not leave there a single flower: and the little crowd parted, rather, it would seem, out of fear than out of reverence, to let her pass homeward alone.

The Parson also went home. "So that's all over, thank Heaven!" he felt, with a sigh of relief. "Nobody will trouble more about it now. . . . And that girl standing by all the while, and not dropping even the shadow of a tear. Witches can't weep. It's an awful sign. I hope no evil will come. . . . No: I have not done ill. I'll defy Thomas Aquinas himself to make one single, solitary lie in that letter. I remember every word of it: and it's all as true as steel. And if it were twenty lies— By Jupiter Olympus, am I to have nothing in life: neither wealth, nor hope, nor anything on earth: that I should be called upon to give up my one ewe lamb? Have I brought the child up, and made it my own, till I can't do without it about me, and then be called on to give it up, to a stranger, just when I want it most—just when I'm getting in sight of growing old? Her father, indeed—her father, that sent wife and children to die of yellow fever God knows where; to be rid of them: her father, who paid me for a marriage he repented of by burying me alive! What can a man like that want with a child? I'm her father: I've made her mine. She shall

(Continued on page 355.)





SILBER AND FLEMING'S NEW WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, WOOD-STREET, LONDON.



SILBER AND FLEMING'S STERLING SILVER PLATE, GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY, AND WATCH AND CLOCK DEPARTMENTS, WOOD-STREET, LONDON.



marry Francis Carew. She *shall* be tied to the only place where I can never wholly lose her, and where, maid or wife, she'll still be *my* child. . . . I might have been a Bishop by now: when there's Crampton of Brasenose, and Rashleigh of Christchurch, and Chichester of Merton, hiding their want of brains under a mitre, every one. Not one of the dunces had as much Greek in his whole body as I in one hair of my wig: and they're peers and prelates, save the mark, while I'm—Vicar of Stoke Juliot: dead before I die. . . . Just that one girl I've got to care for: and by—by Jupiter Olympus, I'll not be cheated nor bullied out of that, as if she was a tithe-pig: no, not if I've got to lie myself black and blue. . . . Tamzin, you slut: some ale."

So, to their different thoughts, the Parson and the chief mourner went home. Those of the former are far easier to put into words than those of the latter, as few need to be told who have ever gone home from the sight of a full grave to the sight of an empty chair. And the less easy are they, inasmuch as what she felt was so much more than sorrow. Even as her father had been shot like a dog, so he seemed to have been buried like a dog: and all the while the murderer was as free as air, protected by all the great and befriended by all the humble. I said, long ago, that Nance had not grown up to womanhood without having made up some sort of philosophy concerning life and nature: and it was far too unlearned to have obtained simplicity. There was all that she had heard and more or less misunderstood in church: there was the influence of the unceasing and infinitely wonderful drama of day and night, summer and winter, wind and storm, along the rocks and the sands: there were the rough lives about her, with their more than half heathen ways: there were the books that she endeavoured to read without aid: there was now the waking of her own passions, and the reaching out her arms for the bread of love and justice, and finding only hearts and eyes of stone.

Among the common knowledge of the place, which has not even yet wholly departed, was the tradition that the powers of good have less avail with the things and doings of this world than the powers of ill. Old Horneck was the leading case: but, to tell the truth, Stoke Juliot had seldom been without its wise woman, who obtained her wisdom—well, she herself perhaps hardly knew how. A wise woman was one who could foretell a coming wreck fourteen days before-hand, and where the ship would run ashore: could make rebellious butter come in the churn: could give a certain charm against cramp, read fortunes in tea-leaves and marriages from apple parings, say her abracadabra backwards, and be serviceable to her neighbours in various other useful ways. But, above all, she could avenge her wrongs without the aid of the law. Nance remembered the last of the wise women, now buried where (if all tales were true) she had little business to lie: she remembered how the neighbours used to make way for the old lady just as they had made way for Nance herself that very day, and how she was said to know the most secret affairs of every household, and to punish those who mis-spoke her even in the hearing of only a cat or a bramble-bush, and could see in people's faces who would out-live next Twelfth Night, and who would die.

Then there was the faint tradition of a strange woman who had lived in that very cottage many years ago—a woman who had come there none knew whence, and was never seen without a close veil, as though her face were too hideous or too terrible to be looked upon by mortal eyes. She, also, had been known to do the strangest things: she did not foresee wrecks, or at any rate did not foretell them, but she would go into the village (always with that awful veil) and would do unheard of good by word and deed—which of course signified that she could effect unknown harm, had she pleased. Men and women had learned to come to her for counsel: and it was always wise counsel, those who remembered her voice used to say. She had not died, but had vanished: and that part of her story had always impressed Nance Derrick's fancy the most of all. Now, however, what impressed her fancy the most was the power she must have possessed for harm—an enviable power.

How was such power obtained? From those books beyond understanding that she used to borrow from Hornacombe? From the saying of prayers backwards? From special gift? Or simply from hungry desire? As to this last, Nance, ever since she had failed to move Miss Openshaw, had been conscious, not only of the desire for such power as this, but, in some sort, with a strange sense of its possession. Her curse was not like such things for the most part, a mere impotent throwing into empty air of empty words, but had been a resolve that seemed even in the making thereof to be half fulfilled. Yes—she had given herself something to live for: the fulfilment of a consecrated vow. She opened the big volume of Ovid, for the sake of the unknown tongue that seemed suited to her mood of exaltation, and followed the jargon with her eyes, while her heart threw into the chronicle of Olympian *amourettes* a meaning very different indeed from any that was there. In short, she was soaring into a mood of mysticism, in which the body forgets itself, and the mind its chains. Was this intoxication the result of reading in unknown tongues? Then she would read on, and on, and on, in the faith that wisdom would lead to power, and power to the fulness of revenge.

In some such mood as this, has it never happened that the overwrought mind and the desperate heart of some weak woman have seemed to see the air take visible form, and to hear it take audible sound—that she has seen, in all his terrible beauty, the Prince of the Air, and heard him say, All these things shall be thine, if thou wilt fall down and worship me? I know not: but this I do know, that if such phantasm had appeared, Nance Derrick would have felt neither amazement nor fear. And this, too, that if Parson Pengold could have had his way, and women's bodies again been made food for bonfires, she would have gone to the stake a firmer believer in her own guilt than even the Parson himself would have been—like hundreds of women before her who have mistaken their desires for their deeds.

She read on and on into the dark till her mind was in a whirl. She could repeat, without book, many scores of the Latin lines, in some barbarous fashion of her own. Want of sleep and food, also, were doing their work. She lighted a candle, and then again read and brooded, on and on. And whatever she read, always translated itself—"Let that man be in my power, to do with him what I will."

Suddenly, long after dark, she heard a single blow upon the door. It did not startle her: but it filled her with awe. For she knew that her vow had been heard.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### GOLDEN STARS.

She rose, and opened, letting in a howling gust of wind, wet with a sudden rain. Then, for a moment, she started—just one moment, and no more.

"Nance!" said the voice of Francis Carew.

She opened the door more widely. He entered at once, followed close by a stranger: and then himself shut out the rain and wind.

"Nance," said he again, "stranger things are happening than I can tell. A warrant is out against *me* for murder—*Me!* I can't stay to meet it: and now I've made things worse by—well, by refusing service, and taking to my heels. I gave them the slip at Barnstaple: I daren't go to Hornacombe—that will be in the hands of the enemy by now. I daren't show myself at all. But this is the last place where they'll look for me—And give us a mouthful to eat, Nance, me and—my friend: for we've been all day playing hide-and-seek; and it's a weary game."

Nance glanced from one man to the other: who could this stranger be? Was he, too, a fellow in these dark doings that seemed overshadowing Stoke Juliot, and filling the air with a plague of blood and terror? Was this a new Quickset, with whom her master was riding straight to the devil, at the devil's own speed? She made no answer—indeed, she could not speak: but she brought out some hard cheese, some wofully stale bread, and some cider (it was all she had), and laid them out before the young Squire and his friend. Francis ate as men eat who have learned for the first time what real hunger means: the other, slowly and sparingly, and drank not at all, while not speaking a word.

At last Francis appeared his wolf. "Nance," said he, "Davis, who is a zealous blockhead, has managed to persuade himself, and some justice or other with less sense than Parson Pengold, and no knowledge of me, that I am guilty of this crime. I can't stay in England to face the thing out, for a hundred reasons that are neither here nor there. I must act as if I were in truth the guilty man, and fly."

"Who is this man with you?" asked Nance, by way of answer.

As Francis was flying from justice in this guilty fashion as much to save the poacher from the gallows as for Mabel's sake, and as he knew whom Nance thought her father's murderer to be, he could only answer, "Oh, never mind that: as he's aiding and abetting a supposed felon, we'd best name no names. . . . Nance, you're the only creature I can trust: and that's why I'm here."

The girl's heart swelled for a moment with pride. Not to Mabel Openshaw had he come in trouble, but to her. No doubt he would go back to Mabel if ever the sun shone again: but Nance would always have the remembrance that it was to her he had come in darkness and storm. For a moment, she was almost softened: and the burning hunger to help him, which she had pleaded to Miss Openshaw in vain, came back upon her tenfold. And the mere discovery that all the world was hunting him down for this murder was enough to assure her that he also was another victim to the injustice of mankind—so reasonable women are: as long may they remain.

"I want you," said he, "to do three things—and not one of them hard. First, you'll never let mortal know that I have been here to-night: either me or my friend. Next, you will let us two stay here for two nights: this is the last place we should be looked for—so near home, and yet not at home, and you poor Derrick's girl: and where I am, Nance, you will have nothing to fear. And to-morrow you must get me some money—worse luck: for I have but twenty guineas, and that won't carry me farther than jail. I'll give you an order on the bank for two hundred—they'll have more of mine than that: and if they ask you a question, tell them who you are, and they won't think its for myself then. If they ask anything more, say it's money I owed your father: and they'll only stare that a murderer should not be a thief besides. The carrier goes over to Barnstaple to-morrow: so you can go with him. And before I go off somehow, when the hunt grows cold, as best I may, I'll leave you some paper to show that you hold this cottage rent free: and I shan't keep all the money to myself, Nance, you may be sure."

Not one word in all this that was unkind: and yet not one that was kind. But even this cold indifference was less hard to bear than his hint that she was to be paid in hard cash for her aid. A witch, I think, has always differed from her sisters in being more of a woman than they—at once more quickly and more deeply moved by all things, great and small. Nance's bosom heaved, but she did not answer. She left the room; and after a minute or two returned with a large rough bag of leather, which clashed and rang as she threw it down.

"There," said she, with a tone of frosty scorn to hide her hurt. "That will do as well. I have no mind to tell lies."

Francis untied the bag, and found it stuffed with gold. Nance, with a gesture of impatience, emptied it in a noisy and glittering shower. Francis could only watch her in mute surprise. Where could an honest man, like Phil Derrick, have gained all this gold?

But its effect upon the stranger was peculiar indeed. Instead of his eyes glistering and his fingers trembling at such a sight, he threw himself back in his chair, and burst into such a fit of laughter as—what shall I say? as a man only can laugh who has never laughed before. But there was nothing in it either of a cynic's contempt or of a fool's delight over the stuff that makes the world go round. It was genial and hearty—even musical, though presently he had to hold his sides as if they ached with breathlessness and pain. It was as if he were sitting at some glorious farce, far too comical for scorn. It was surely the strangest explosion ever heard.

But it certainly obtained no sympathy: and presently, the laugh having exhausted itself, he rested his chin in both his hands, and leaned forward over the table, regarding the gold with a half smile of solemn humour. It evidently interested him profoundly: and yet in a strange sort of manner that would make a miser and a spendthrift and a money-hunter all alike feel mean, could they have seen the fellow's eyes, and known how to read them. Francis, almost angrily, pushed the coins away.

"No," said he. "This money was your father's, and is yours. Put it back, and never let it be seen again. I don't even ask whence it comes."

"Oh, there's no secret about that," said Nance. "There's plenty of such got in Stoke Juliot: only father didn't riot it away. He was saving to buy the place, and to trade for his own hand. He was saving for *Me*. And what does he want with it any more—and what do I?"

"I see," said Francis. Indeed it was dead against all that Stoke Juliot knew of good manners to say more. A man might be an honest gamekeeper, yet not be so far advanced beyond his generation to see harm in poaching upon the King's manor—for that matter, indeed, Francis himself, whose own cellars held the best and cheapest claret in England, saw none. A smuggler who died rich was no doubt a sort of wonder: but then Phil Derrick had always been a peculiar kind of man. "My dear girl, I can't touch it now. I'm more glad you're so rich than I can say—you'll be a match for the richest farmer in the country."

"No. I won't. And if this money's no more use to you than it is to me," she said, gathering it up in a heap, "I'll even throw it into the sea, bag and all. Out of the sea it came, and back into the sea shall it go."

Eyes and voice meant her words—as indeed they mostly did in Stoke Juliot, where, with all its many sins that of acting was unknown. And then Francis did, after all, know something of Nance, though by instinct, and certainly not by study. It was no more possible to doubt that, with her, deed would

follow word than to believe Cucumber Jack a murderer. He paused and considered: and the end of it was that, for once at least in his career so far, he did the right thing.

"I *will* take it," said he, holding out his hand; not for the money-bag, but for hers. "After all, anything will be better than asking a girl like you to tell a lie for the sake of any man alive. For that matter, I don't believe you could do it if you tried. . . . Thank you, Nance; you are the best girl in England: bar none." It was not as if she would lose: he could write to Haynes of Barnstaple from somewhere or other about her having the cottage rent free and about her loan being repaid at royal interest. For a man, thanks to our despised ancestors, is no felon till he is proved one, and, once beyond the law's arm's reach, his property was as much his own to deal with as if his name was clear.

He should have kissed her cheek as well as clasped her hand: but the lips which had touched Mabel Openshaw's were debarr'd from all meaner touch for ever—and that, for Nance's sake, was just as well. He lay back in his chair, and reconsidered what he should do: and, being in company he could trust, talked as the best way of thinking. Meanwhile that unaccountable friend of his filled his pipe without asking leave, leaned his arms on the table, pillowed his head upon them, and half closed his eyes. Nance, so far as she observed him, thought him half drunk and half a fool—and what was the part of this successor to Captain Quickset in the mysteries of Hornacombe?

Said Francis: "Nance—out of this country we must go. . . . The lawyers will be over the parish in two days more if they're not already here. Barnstaple's closed: and when they miss us here, there'll be the hue and cry. I've lost my horse, thanks to that thief of a Captain, confound him: and I can't afford to buy two: and if I could, I daren't show myself to deal. . . . If we could only make a flying leap to Plymouth—we might find a ship before we were found. But a tramp to Plymouth on foot—why, the warrant would be waiting for us: a carrier pigeon could as soon be out-raced by a pair of snails. Nance—I was better off without the money. Anyhow, I knew then the first thing that had to be done."

"Swear to me that your hand did not kill father!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Swear it to me on—on your love for Mabel Openshaw!"

"God in Heaven, Nance! *I?* I murder my servant—your father? Are you gone mad with the rest of them? If that were so, should I be here—should I have touched your hand? I would not insult man nor woman nor living thing, nor shame myself, by forswearing such a base, such a bloody, such a cowardly deed. But I will *say* to you—No. And no oath could be half so strong as that plain word."

"Thank God," said she. "I knew it—but I wanted to hear you say it, straight and plain. And—and I am glad you did not swear. And I am glad you are leaving this cursed land, where the devil has hold of you by the arm. I need him, too: but as his mistress: not as his servant, as you are bound to be."

"Nance! What in the name of him you are talking of do you mean?"

"I know. I mean you must go."

"And so I would—for may be my neck's sake. But it's my heels must save my neck, and my head my heels: and it doesn't see how."

"Your friend here?" asked Nance, frowning. "Doesn't he know?"

"No."

Nance walked slowly to the window, that looked seaward, and looked out in silence. After a while,

"Come here," said she. Francis followed her, and looked out into the wind. "Do you see something—out there—far away?"

"A star?"

"It is like a star. That is the way you must go."

"Come, Nance," said he, beginning to think her troubles had turned her brain, "Come—I'm not ready for the skies yet, and don't want to go there before I'm bound. Go and lie down, there's a good girl: you want sleep: and my friend and I will lie down here for to-night, wherever we may be to-morrow."

"No. You must not remain an hour." She had a plan, as women mostly have when men's wits fail (though seldom until then), and not the worst of it was that it would remove the Squire from the circle of Mabel Openshaw's spell. "You must go this night—and that is the way. . . . That star is—I don't care what I tell—that star is the *Maiden*, from whom the money came. I've watched that star hundreds and hundreds of times, mirk or moonshine. I know all her ways. She don't belong to this place, she nor her crew: but the people here unload her, and she's the luckiest trading ship that comes. There's one star now—by-and-by they'll signal from the sands, and then there'll be two."

"And then?" asked Francis, in a low voice, and doubtfully, but beginning to understand.

"Then you must come down to the sands—with me. You must join the first boat that puts out: and sail with the *Maiden* wherever she may go. I don't know where: but I think 'tis mostly to a place in Cornwall, called Spain."

"To Spain! Ah, if I could reach Spain!"

"You would be able to leave the country then?"

"I should have left it, Nance—and one can get to the Indies from Spain. You are a wonderful girl: a real witch, but not in the Parson's way. But will they take me? Will they run the risk of carrying off an escaping?"

Nance pointed to the bag of gold. "As if for that," she said, "if they would not do anything—ill for choice: but good, too, if good meant gold. Don't let them think you have more than you can give them—that's all. And they'll know me: and I can tell them what I please. . . . Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly, pointing out straight to sea.

There, sure enough, shone a double star.

And at the same moment came a heavy knock at the closed door.

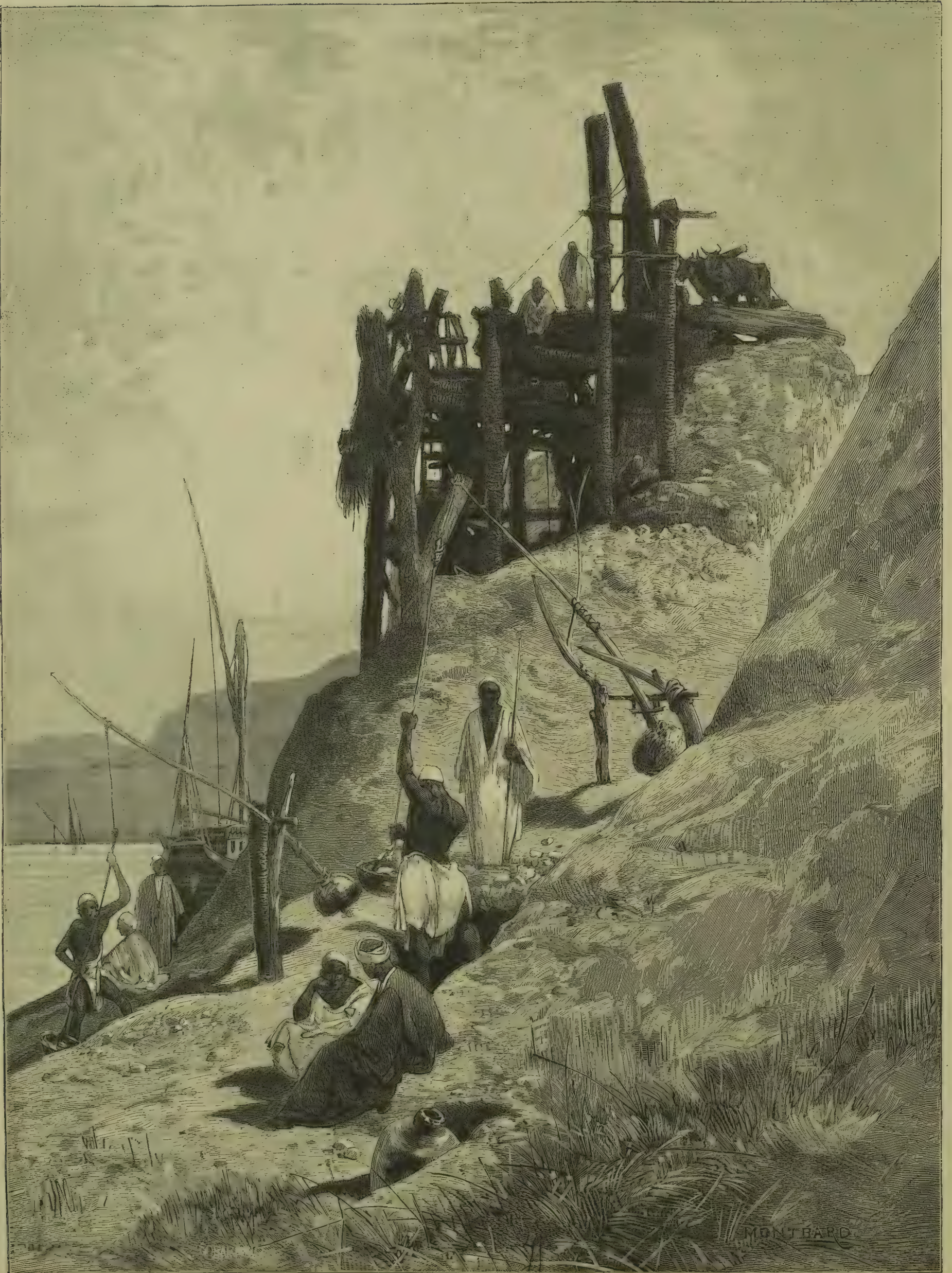
(To be continued.)

Lord Aberdare, at the Rhondda Valley Cemetery on the 2nd inst., unveiled a monument erected by public subscription to commemorate the valour of Mr. Daniel Thomas, colliery proprietor, who lost his life last year whilst trying to rescue the men overtaken by the gas explosion at Pen-y-Graig Colliery.

A new baptistry which has been consecrated by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. It contains four windows in memory of Bishops Low, Ewing, and Mackarness, and Dr. Pusey, and the font itself is in memory of Anna Marie Grey, while there is an oaken door in memory of the Rev. C. F. Lowder.

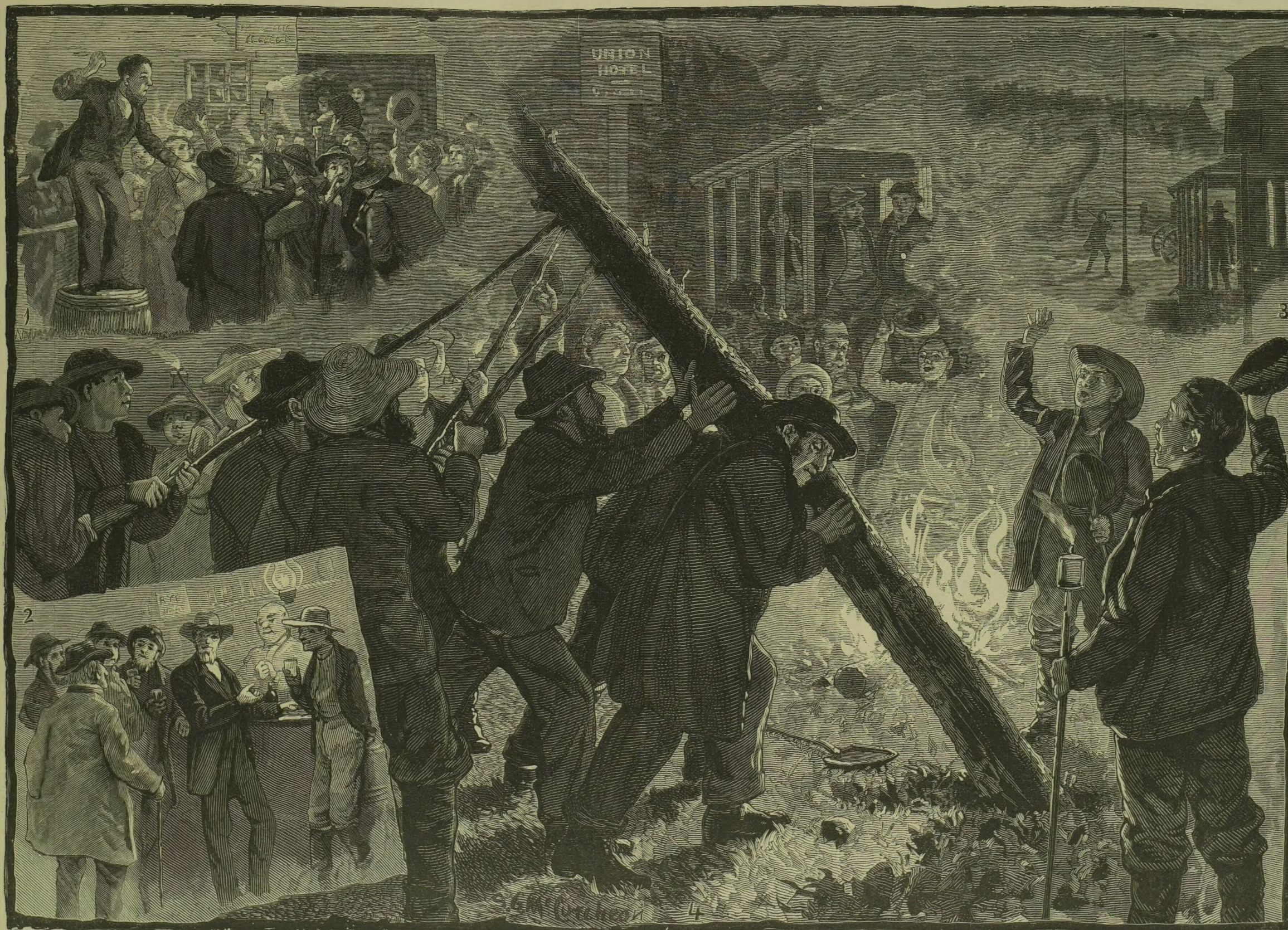
From a Parliamentary return just issued by an order of the House of Commons it appears that there are 421 old savings-banks in the United Kingdom. The number of accounts open in these banks is 1,566,184, and the sum owing to depositors £44,987,109, to meet which the Government held on the general account £44,821,787, and on the separate surplus fund account (upon which the Government allow the banks no interest) £394,207.





THE NILE EXPEDITION: SAKIYEH AND SHADOUF, NEAR KOROSKO.





1. A Barrel Stump Orator.

2. Liquoring Up.

3. Raising the Pole.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS IN AMERICA: A POLE-RAISING.

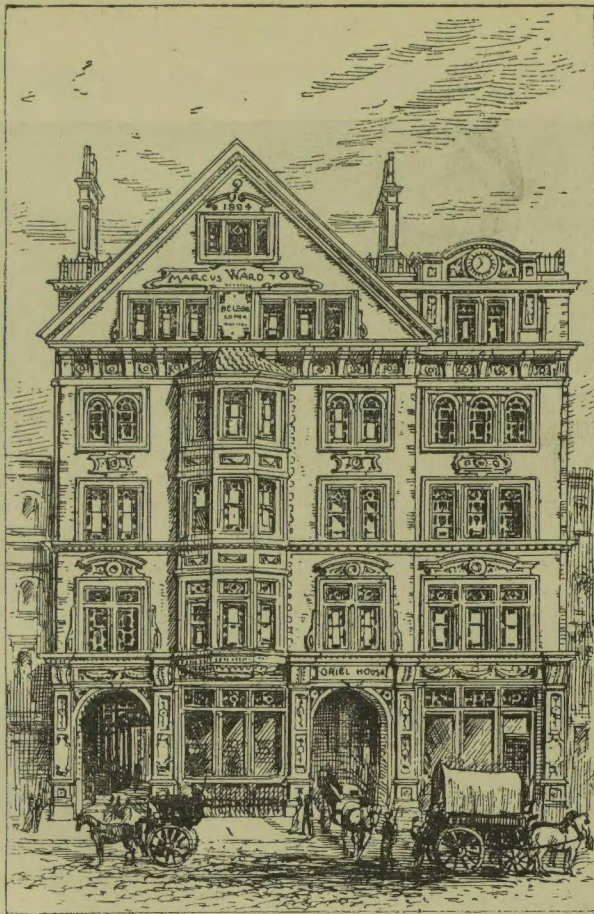


THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

The scenes represented in our Illustrations are such as may now be taking place in many towns of the Western States during the vehement contest of political parties to secure the triumph of their respective "tickets" at the approaching Presidential election. It should be observed that the immediate business in hand is not the actual election of the future President, as this does not belong to the direct popular vote. The people of each State in the Union have to choose early in November a number of delegates called electors, who will assemble, a month afterwards, to vote for a President of the United States. The number of electors contributed by each State must be the same as the number of Senators and members of the House of Representatives, taken together, that it sends to Congress. Every State has constantly two members of the Federal Senate, who are nominated by the State Legislature; but the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives to the different States is variable; it depends on the population, and is readjusted, in due proportion, according to the census at periods of ten years. Consequently, the number of Presidential electors belonging to a particular State is not always the same; and the whole Electoral College, which consisted twenty years ago of 315 electors, has been increased to 401. The State of New York, with its large population, has now thirty-six electoral votes; Massachusetts has fourteen, Indiana fifteen, Pennsylvania about twice as many; Illinois and Ohio, respectively, twenty-two and twenty-three; while some of the smaller or less populous States have only three or four. The people, it will be understood, vote by universal suffrage for a list of electoral delegates appointed by a Party Convention, and pledged to choose a particular candidate, Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Cleveland, or General Butler, at the Presidential election in December. This list is called "the ticket," in accordance with "the platform," that is to say, the resolutions passed by the Party Convention in July. From July to November, every fourth year, in view of the constitutional necessity of electing a President, a vast amount of political agitation is going on all over the United States, but more especially in the States which have the largest population, and where parties are most equally divided. In New York State, with above one million of persons having the suffrage, the "Republican" and the "Democratic" parties have alternately won and lost the majority, since 1868, with an average 20,000 of independent voters going sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. Above nine million primary voters, throughout the United States, took part in the Presidential Election of 1880, when General Garfield, or rather the ticket for his electors, in the aggregate received 4,442,950 primary votes, while General Hancock, on the Democratic platform, got as many as 4,442,035. When the electoral delegates met, there were nineteen States voting for one side, and nineteen on the other; but, as the more populous States, including New York, were in favour of Garfield, he finally obtained 214 electoral votes against 155 electoral votes cast for Hancock. The final result is assured, in fact, by the November election of delegates; and preparing for this is often the occasion of much stump oratory, or speaking from the elevation of a barrel, as our Artist has represented, at a public-house door, with subsequent "liquoring-up" at the bar; while bands of music, torchlight processions, bonfires, and the exhibition of trophies and garlands, on a pole raised in the main street of the rural township, give a festive air to the political "boom," reminding us of old election days in England.

ORIEL HOUSE, FARRINGDON-STREET.

As an example of improved London street architecture, we give an Illustration of Oriel House, Farringdon-street, the



ORIEL HOUSE, FARRINGDON-STREET.

new premises in London of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., Limited, whose name is widely known in connection with the graphic arts. They have been printers in colours since the lithographic colour process was first used in England, and their Christmas cards alone have gained them a high reputation for good taste. Their publications and the manufactures of paper, leather, and other materials produced at the Royal Ulster Works, Belfast, give employment to a thousand workpeople, and are distributed over the world by the warehouses of the company in London, New York, and Melbourne. A short time since we referred to an exhibition of their manufactures, and of two thousand water-colour drawings made for the firm during the

last twenty years. This exhibition was held on the occasion of the opening of Oriel House, which is so called from its central feature, an oriel window of three storeys. The design for the building, executed in red brick and terra-cotta, was made in the London studio of the company by Mr. Thomas Crane, who presides over the artistic staff there. The architect selected was Mr. George Vickery, who intrusted the terra-cotta so freely used to Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth. The building is spacious, admirably planned by the architect, and well lighted. The prominent high gable and red-tiled roof remind one of Amsterdam; while the style, which is of no exact order, but might be called a "free Renaissance," shows that a City warehouse may be made a handsome building, with an individuality that is most valuable to architectural effect. This is of particular importance in a street of the ample width of Farringdon-street, where the Fleet river once flowed along the valley, by the foot of Ludgate-hill, to the Thames at Blackfriars.

IRRIGATING MACHINES ON THE NILE.

The "sakiyeh" and the "shadouf" are different kinds of machines used for raising water from the Nile to irrigate the adjacent fields. At every few hundred yards along the river bank, in Egypt or in Nubia, but more frequently in the part below Luxor down to Siout, rises the tall pole of a shadouf; where all day long, at the water's edge, one half-naked fellah fills the leathern bucket in the water; while another man standing at the top of the bank pours it into a trough, discharging it into the trough and drain across the narrow field. Higher up are seen the large round wheels of the sakiyehs, to whose revolving spokes are fastened a set of earthen jars which descend to fill themselves in the river, and slowly rise, turning round on the wheel, until they spill their contents into the wooden trough. These wheels are worked by oxen, the driver of which, half asleep, often sits in a basket slung behind the wheel, perhaps sheltered from the burning sun by a roof of ragged grass matting. All day long, in the heavy heat of noon, and all night long, beneath the silent stars, is heard the groaning, creaking sound of this machine, incessantly employed to shed fertility on the soil, from which little profit is reaped by the labouring peasantry; the foreign bondholders and the grasping officials of the Egyptian Government taking the largest share of its produce. This primitive method of irrigation on the Upper Nile is the main instrument of agricultural industry, the principal source of revenue, and the chief support of the State.

From a Parliamentary return recently issued it appears that the total number of Martini-Henry rifles in the hands of British troops is 225,619, of which 118,493 are distributed to infantry of the line, 89,177 to the Militia, and 12,665 to rifle volunteers. The number required to arm the remainder of the Volunteers would be 158,367, and there are 281,178 in store.

A handsome new building erected by the London School Board was opened on the 2nd inst. in Lombard-wall, East Greenwich. It occupies a commanding position in the Greenwich and Woolwich road, and is an exceptionally lofty building, containing large and airy class-rooms. Accommodation is provided for 778 boys, girls, and infants.—Another new building erected by the London School Board was opened on the 3rd inst. in the Lower Deptford-road. It occupies a spacious site near Windmill-lane; and, like the school which was opened at Greenwich, contains a number of large and airy class-rooms. Accommodation is provided for 800 children.

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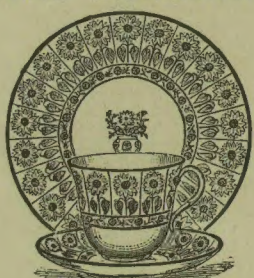
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**TURKEY CARPETS.—OETZMANN and CO.**—Fine quality. The following are a few of the sizes in stock:—  
9ft. 5in. by 8ft. 7in. .. .. £5 10s.  
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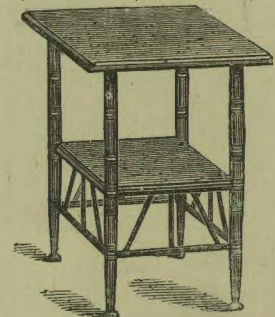
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ETAGIERE OCCASIONAL TABLE,  
14s. 6d.  
Ebonized and Gold ditto, 17s. 6d.

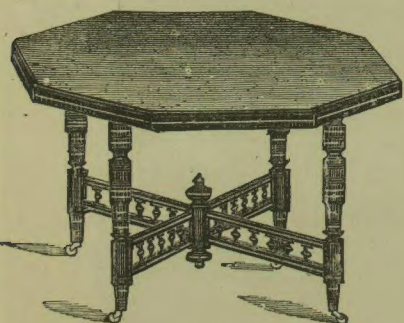


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Single Set, 11s. 6d.  
A large variety of New Designs, from 11s. 6d. to £12 12s.

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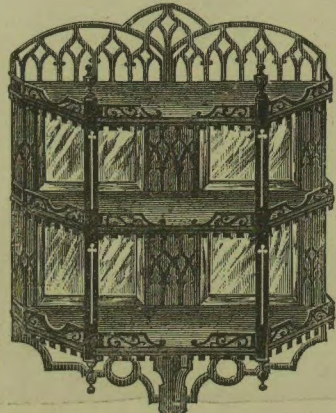


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2 ft. 9 in. .. .. 2 15 0  
3 ft. 0 in. .. .. 2 17 6  
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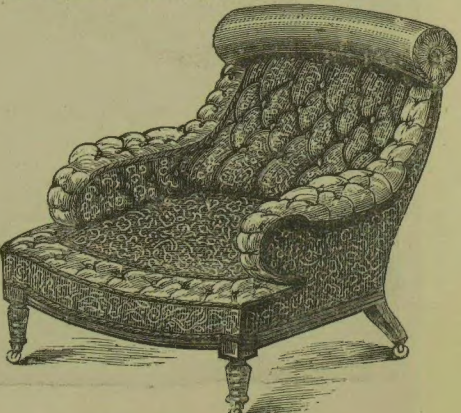
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With Four Bevelled Plates, 32 in. high, 20 in. wide, £2 4s. 6d.

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Moderate Price.

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Get a shilling tin

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AMERICAN

**BABY**

**Biscuits.**

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Toast  
Toast  
Toast  
Toast  
Toast  
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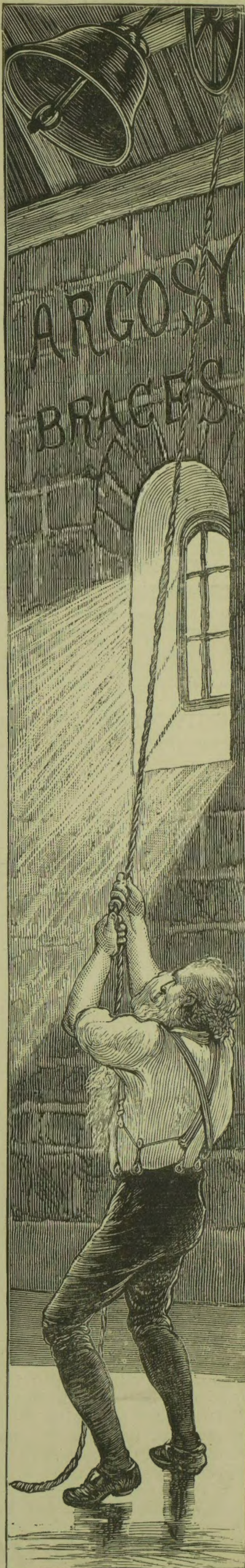
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Hinde's Patented  
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Much more effective  
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Comfortable and Invisible.  
Simplicity itself.  
MRS. LANGTRY writes:  
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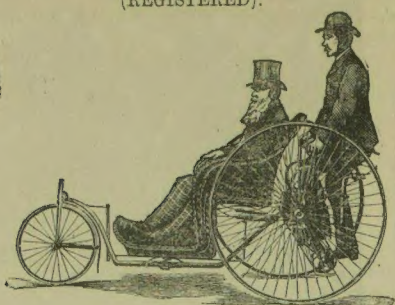
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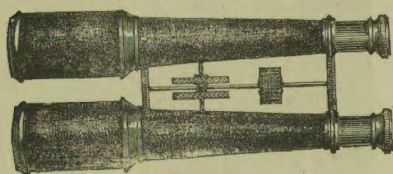
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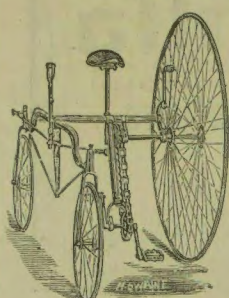
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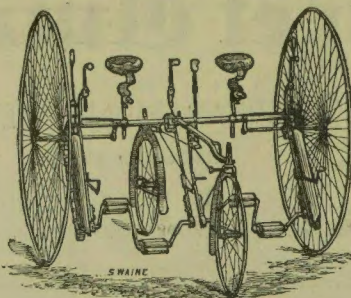
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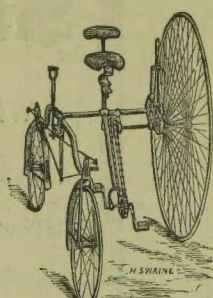
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GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.  
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"Refuse Imitations—Insist upon Hudson's."

Wash  
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It is a pure Dry Soap in  
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Water.



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For INFANTS,  
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CHILDREN.

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For INVALIDS  
& all of WEAK  
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This delicious and highly nutritive Food can be taken when all others disagree.

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WAR!! What is more terrible than War?  
Outraged Nature.

She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. How much longer must the causes of this startling array of preventible deaths continue unchecked? For the means of prevention and for preserving health, by Natural Means, see a large Illustrated Sheet wrapped with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which (prepared from sound, ripe fruit), when taken with water, acts as a natural aperient; its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

ZULU WAR.—Surveying the Maputa River.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL

LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—"Winchester, July 13, 1884. Sir,—I write to tell you what your FRUIT SALT has done for me. During the Zulu War, Consul O'Neill and myself had occasion to survey the Maputa River. We had great difficulties in stowing sufficient fresh water for our need, and were obliged, on our return, to drink the river water—water, you may call it, but I call it liquid mud; mud-banks, both sides, a tropical sun all day, and a miasmatic dew all night. We had the good fortune, however, to have with us a couple of bottles of your invaluable FRUIT SALT, and never took the 'water' without a judicious admixture of it; and so did not suffer from the abominable concoction. Now, when we arrived at Lorenzo Marquay, there was no more FRUIT SALT to be obtained. I was sent on to Durban, but poor Mr. O'Neill was on the flat of his back with ague. At Durban I could only get one bottle, as every one was sold out, it being so much in demand. When I mention that we only went in a small boat, with four niggers, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully-equipped boats, had tried the survey before, and only got forty miles (having lost the greater part of their crews through malaria), while we got over eighty miles, I think I am only doing you justice in putting our success down to your excellent preparation.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
"To J. C. Eno, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E.  
A LIEUTENANT, R.N., F.R.G.S."

# JEOPARDY OF LIFE. THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING STREAM, BUT NOT THE RAGING TORRENT.

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"ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

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SUDDEN CHANGES OF WEATHER, ANY EMERGENCY, INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS.—DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood-poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease.

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